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EGYPT.

THE Soudan expedition or expeditions, to judge from Mr. GLADSTONE's expressions on Tuesday night, are as a tale that is told. They are not, indeed, a tale that is yet paid for, and if a joke were permissible on a very serious subject, it might be suggested that they strongly resemble the Spanish musician who charged a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off. First a few hundred thousands, then a million and a half, were to be sufficient when they were undertaken. Four millions and a half are asked for now that nothing more is to be done. We can pretend no sorrow that troops are to be withdrawn from positions so profitless and so costly as Korti and Souakim. From the moment that Lord WOLSELEY failed—that is to say, from the moment when it was evident that he could not support his advanced guard in an attack on Khartoum—the presence of English troops in the Soudan has been an anomaly and a marvel. That they could do nothing for a year was certain; that they would do anything at the end of the year was, to say the least, problematical. It is indeed barely two months since brave words were spoken and great undertakings begun by Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry. The brave words and the great undertakings appear in themselves, and by themselves, to have satisfied both Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters. What has been the object of the operations at Souakim no man knows; they have apparently been their own exceeding great reward. What we have in return for the six millions no man knows either. But Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters are quite contented, and the one thing as to which there can be no question is that he has undoubtedly given both them and the rest of the nation something else to think about. Whatever may be the case with the one part of the eleven millions, there is no doubt about the necessity of the other part.

The Duke of ARGYLL and Lord NAPIER of Magdala protested with much earnestness and force against the miserable acknowledgment of failure and folly implied in the announcement that nothing more is to be done in the Soudan. There is of course one simple reply, final as far as it goes, which is that if it is foolish to cry over spilt milk, it is still more foolish to go on spilling it. The dismal record of the folly and the failure of the last fifteen months shows but too probably what, as long as the management of affairs is in the same hands, is likely to be the result of further operations. GORDON sleeps in his bloody grave. Scores of brave officers, hundreds of brave men, have perished by disease or fighting as fruitlessly as if they had been embarked in a scuttled ship and coolly subjected to a *noyade*. The construction of the Souakim-Berber railway has been practically declared impossible, and Khartoum is in the hands of the enemy. The most popular and trusted of English generals has shown what can only be called a complete collapse as a strategist. Millions of money have been spent. And the sole and only profit of the whole costly and blundering proceedings is that we have a force ready for the field at what is fortunately a much less distance from that field than if there had been no Soudan War. It is lucky that General GRAHAM's troops are so near Kurrachee, but it must be admitted that a singularly expensive means of placing them near it has been adopted. As for the conduct of the affair regarded as a piece of statesmanship or of business, it resembles in detail and in whole rather a dream or a wild farce than a sober administrative proceeding. The hot haste with

which General GRAHAM's first expedition was sent out, and the total neglect to profit even in the very least degree by its victories; the expedient of sending out General GORDON, not only without any plan of supporting him, but apparently with a very definite plan of not supporting him; the delay in taking any means of rescue; the dilatory elaboration with which those means were at last taken; the haphazard conduct of Lord WOLSELEY's scheme; the second expedition to Souakim, even more objectless than the first, for in that case Sinkat and Tekkar gave a nominal object, and still more aimless in its proceedings; finally, the announcement that, nothing having been satisfactorily done, and every object having proved unattainable, operations may as well be left off, compose a history which may have been excelled in point of positive disaster in some former chapters of England's blunders, but which never has been surpassed, and with very great difficulty can be equalled, as an example of military and political woolgathering. How any set of men possessing, as the present Government undoubtedly does possess, individual ability and experience of business can have taken part in such a wild-goose chase is sufficiently incomprehensible; how any nation possessing a free public opinion and institutions supposed to exercise a check on the Executive can have permitted it is more incomprehensible still. The progress of the affair, as it is looked back on, resembles nothing so much as the progress of a drunken man in its alternations of torpor and wild zigzag rushes, its absence of any apparent object, and its final collapse.

The immediate reason for that collapse, unspoken but universally felt, is that everybody is very tired of the Soudan and is thinking of something else than Egypt. Unfortunately our kind friends are determined that we shall not be allowed to think about something else than Egypt. The affair of the *Bosphore Egyptien* is of the class of affairs the result and significance of which no one knows exactly. Such troubles arise constantly in the questionable and anomalous relations of civilized and semi-civilized Powers. Nine times out of ten they blow over; the tenth time they are the source of infinite annoyance. As affairs stand, it is possible that nothing serious may come of it. All Governments; and especially all French Governments, on coming into office like to give a proof of what is called firmness, if they can do it without trouble; and England is in sufficient difficulties at present to make her a very good subject for such an experiment. The actual fact of the suppression seems to be little called in question, and the only matter on which M. DE FREYCINET is showing his dignity is one of those petty squabbles of procedure which at another time would be unimportant enough. An assault is arranged for *à l'amiable*, and then it is formally complained of. If it were not that affairs are so threatening elsewhere the thing would be of no importance whatever. As it is, the one thing required is what Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues seem to have most difficulty in supplying, and that is backbone. Meet firmness with firmness, and there is not likely to be any serious difficulty with France; even if (which is at least not impossible) the whole thing should not turn out to be, what it is believed to be in some quarters, a mere local intrigue directed at NUBA PASHA. Unfortunately, as in the stupendous farce-tragedy which is now closing, or trying to close, in the Soudan, discriminating determination is the one thing which in foreign politics Mr. GLADSTONE's Government lacks. It occasionally makes spasmodic, and for the most part ill-directed, efforts; but it has no notion

of a concerted plan of action, carried out unflinchingly and without change of purpose. The querulous and personal tone which has been so noticeable in many of the PRIME MINISTER'S utterances in the House of Commons during the last few weeks is a very well-known symptom of a mood which both in private and in public life is the most dangerous of all moods for the successful transaction of business. It is a symptom in exact accordance with the policy, or want of policy, which has for fifteen months indulged in costly and futile operations, and at the end of the fifteen months simply discontinues those operations, regardless of the attainment or non attainment of any result. This mood of pettish instability, of inconsiderate action followed by inconsiderate refusal to act, has been disastrous enough even in the Soudan against an enemy who has only fought when we have attacked him, who has little offensive power, and who has seemed willing enough to let us alone if we let him alone. It is difficult to think without a shudder of what the result of it would be, if pursued against a civilized nation of vast resources, with a programme of offensive action long ago traced out and unvaryingly adhered to, animated by the hope of vast gain, and strengthened by the open or secret sympathy of half the world.

#### ELEVEN MILLIONS.

THERE is no doubt that the extreme gravity of the circumstances prevented both Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in their speeches of this week from indulging in as severe criticism of the Government as they might otherwise have attempted. The scruple is, no doubt, very honourable to both, all the more so as it certainly has not been, and would not be, regarded by their political adversaries, and as their own observance of it was not likely to extract, and has not extracted, any acknowledgment from those adversaries. It is therefore a little unreasonable of the *Times* to grumble at Lord SALISBURY for not saying more cutting things on a greater number of subjects. The combined eloquence of Wrexham and Welshpool would not, indeed, fill as much pamphlet room as one afternoon or evening of Midlothian. But things must be weighed as well as measured, and it is only fair to remember that there are cases when an unvarnished tale is the heaviest of accusations. It is, indeed, probably a fault of Lord SALISBURY'S, as of most Conservative leaders, that he never can bring himself to treat his audiences as if they were fools. Perhaps—it may be hoped so—they are not fools, though the opposite conduct of Liberal orators seems hitherto to have been more powerful with the constituencies. But in this particular case it is surely an unreasonable demand that more should be said at the present moment than Lord SALISBURY said. The facts are too plain; the inferences too evident. Even the experienced hacks of the Radical platform and the Radical press exhibit at the present moment a certain want of spirit in their repetition of what never was fact about the last Afghan war, and of what never will be fact about the statesmanship of Mr. GLADSTONE. Welshmen are not generally stupid, though they are often prejudiced, and there can be few Welshmen, or Englishmen for that matter, dull enough not to appreciate the hopelessness of a cause for which it can only be argued that the misfortunes and the blunders of 1885 are the fruits of the wickedness of eight or ten years back. It is true that an almost incredible amount of impudence, or ignorance, or both, is being displayed by some public men and some public writers. It is difficult to know which of these agreeable qualities predominates in each particular case. But the great public, whether very reasonably or very unreasonably, has a habit of judging of the tree by its fruits. It was beyond doubt not a conviction of the wickedness, but a sense of the disasters of the Afghan and Zulu wars that turned out Lord BEACONSFIELD, and if Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends cannot produce any evidence of statesmanship but their own consciousness of the purity of their own intentions, it may be feared or hoped that the same law will in its turn affect them.

In presence, indeed, of a Vote of Credit for Eleven Millions proposed by such a Ministry even sophistry is powerless. The signs of virtue on the brows of the defenders of the present Government are not frequent; but even they seem to falter in the attempt to show that General KOMAROFF'S *guet-à-pens* is the doing of Lord BEACONSFIELD. They are as convinced as ever that the Dual Control killed

GORDON, STEWART, and EARLE, and spent six millions of English money in fruitless marching and counter-marching round Souakim and on the Bayuda; but they have not hitherto developed the theory that Russia never thought of advancing in Central Asia till Lord BEACONSFIELD conceived the strategic frontier. We are rather surprised that they have not, and resolution will probably come to them in time; but hitherto they have abstained. This war, at last impending or not impending, seems to be acknowledged as Mr. GLADSTONE'S own private war, the glory of which (for all Mr. GLADSTONE'S acts are glorious) will belong to him alone. And, this being so, it becomes impossible even for Radical-Liberals not to ask themselves what sort of preparation Mr. GLADSTONE has made for this, his war, how he has sat down and calculated the possibility of his tens of thousands meeting his adversaries' twenties of thousands. They hardly, it would seem, find the prospect comforting. We have never taken, and we do not take, the extreme view of the isolation of England which some persons take, no doubt for reasons which seem to them good. We are protected from that view by no amiable confidence in the amiability or affection of foreign nations, but by something quite different. All nations of the Continent, as far as we can see, are at this moment actuated by the *condottiere* spirit; and in anything like a general war they will fight for the highest bidder. If it were possible for them to dismember the British Empire without fighting among themselves for the spoils, they would no doubt all join against us. But they know very well that it is not possible, and therefore they, or enough of them for our purpose, will probably take our hire, instead of our spoils, if we offer it discreetly. But it is the heaviest possible indictment against Mr. GLADSTONE'S statesmanship that it has brought the fortune of England to this discreditable and dangerous reliance; and that it has so brought it by mere stupidity, by miscalculating and offending impartially and promiscuously the wishes and the feelings of every important European nation. No Radical politician has such a front of brass as to deny that it depended solely upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S personal pleasure to maintain the good understanding with Germany and Austria which his predecessors established, and no Radical politician can have such a head of wood as not to know that, as matters stand, a good understanding between Germany, Austria, and England means inviolable peace for Europe and the impossibility of unfriendly acts in Asia or elsewhere by France and Russia. That is what might have been; we see what is.

It would be satisfactory, if it were only a little more possible, to think that Mr. GLADSTONE even now understands the situation. Eleven Millions has a bold and hearty sound. But it will be perfectly useless to ask for or to obtain twenty times eleven millions if the purpose is to make a mere flourish of money-bags in the face of foes. No one can study Continental opinion at the present moment without seeing how much the policy, alternately pusillanimous and petulant, provocative and prevaricating, of the last few years has increased Continental dislike, and with it Continental contempt, of England. The contempt is far more dangerous than the dislike. Politics are always decided in the long run by self-interest, except where self-interest allows itself to be guided by mere personal folly. If it were really seen that England is in earnest, and intends to fight for her life, no dislike, no grudge against Mr. GLADSTONE would stand long in the way of a very simple calculation. Only such conduct as Mr. GLADSTONE'S can make England an enemy of Germany and Austria; only such conduct can make France and Russia friends of the Central Powers. The mere pronouncement of the two little words *Alsace* and *Courland* settles that matter. Whatever *bouleversement* of the map of Europe may be possible, whatever partitions of the Low Countries may be dreamt of (and he must be curiously ignorant of German sentiment who imagines it likely to yield Antwerp to France), nothing can alter the fact that Germany must always have two threatening Powers to right and left of her, and must wish to avoid strengthening those Powers. The political insanity which counts too far on this fact is no doubt bad enough; but it is still worse insanity to overlook it. Even with Mr. GLADSTONE in power, hard as it might be for any intelligent politician to work with him, the entrance of England with determination into a great war would at once bring allies to England's side. It might be attempted to frighten her by the *simulacrum* of a Continental concert, and such a *simulacrum* would of course have its effect as a bugbear. With Mr. GLADSTONE it might have a very great effect. But



with any statesman at the head of affairs who has the slightest comprehension of foreign politics—with Sir CHARLES DILKE no less than with Lord SALISBURY, we might almost say with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN no less than with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE—the concert could be put out of tune at once. The sole source of safety is the determination to fight if necessary and to fight at all hazards; and, this determination once shown, most of the hazards themselves will disappear.

#### THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

THE Primrose Festival in honour of Lord BEACONSFIELD seems to be outliving the ridicule which it once excited. The form of commemoration was suggested by the date of his death. Seventy years ago the violet became, as it perhaps may still remain, a symbol of Bonapartist loyalty. There was little resemblance between NAPOLEON or his career and the flower which is born to blush unseen; but the return from Elba, which occurred in the middle of March, had been expected when the violet was first in bloom. Lord BEACONSFIELD died on the 19th of April, when violets begin to disappear and cowslips are not yet in their prime. The time coincides with the greatest abundance of primroses, and it was easy to devise a legend that the saint or hero of the anniversary had taken especial delight in the floral emblem of innocent simplicity. All children and many of their elders take delight in the earliest wild flower which appears in great profusion in the spring. A slight excuse serves to justify the pleasure of wearing a pretty and fragrant nosegay, and political partisans derive a harmless advantage from the meaning which they have attached to a pleasant and natural taste. Primrose bunches were bought and worn on Saturday and Sunday last because they were everywhere offered for sale. A certain proportion of the wearers desired to do honour to Lord BEACONSFIELD, or to exhibit the feelings which are caused by the foreign policy of the present Government. The appearance of the streets seemed to indicate widely-spread dissent from the enthusiasm which is still supposed to attend the persons of the PRIME MINISTER and his colleagues. If a newspaper paragraph may be trusted, a quarter of a million bunches of primroses were sold on Saturday in Birmingham. If one-fifth of the purchasers have votes, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL ought to be returned for any division of the borough which he may prefer. There is, perhaps, some exaggeration in the reported number of nosegays; and it is undeniable that, like the knight who struck BOIS-GUILBERT's shield with the point of his lance, the newcomer has unnecessarily matched himself against Mr. BRIGHT.

There was a certain fitness in the selection of the chairman and of the principal speaker at the dinner of the Primrose League in London. Lord JOHN MANNERS was the oldest and steadiest of Lord BEACONSFIELD's private and political friends, and he was his colleague as often as the party was in office. With the efforts of many of the earlier Protectionists to exclude the ablest of their body from the position of leader Lord JOHN MANNERS had no sympathy, though a member of his own family was at one time proposed as a competitor. In later years there were frequent intrigues, now almost forgotten, against the bold and brilliant adventurer who had placed himself at the head of the Conservative party. Mr. DISRAELI relied on himself to keep what he had gained; but he could also count on the aid of a body of personal adherents; and Lord JOHN MANNERS was one of the most loyal of the number. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is too young in public life to have shared the confidence of Lord BEACONSFIELD; but there is some plausibility in the common opinion that he has chosen him as his political model. In both cases a certain want of consistency may be attributed to indifference with respect to legislative and political issues. The best-known maxim which has yet been enunciated by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is that the business of an Opposition is to oppose. The theory is so far negatively true that, as recent experience fully shows, opposition without vigorous pugnacity is practically ineffective. The minority in the present Parliament has often been in the right; but it has never made itself formidable. With Mr. DISRAELI in his full vigour at its head, Mr. GLADSTONE, in spite of his sophistical eloquence, and with his Caucus at his back, might not improbably have been defeated. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has almost alone made himself habitually disagreeable to the Ministers, while his own

leaders have been too ready to acquiesce in their helpless condition. It has been justly remarked that the greatest service which Mr. DISRAELI rendered to the country was the preservation of the power and character of Parliament. As long as he was in the House of Commons the implacable hostility of Mr. GLADSTONE was encountered on equal terms and with imperturbable coolness. Mr. DISRAELI was far inferior to his adversary in knowledge of business, and especially of finance; but he understood character better, and he was consequently a more efficient party leader. His frequent fallacies and paradoxes were less mischievous and less irritating than Mr. GLADSTONE's sophistical involutions, for the sufficient reason that they never imposed on himself. He was incapable of trying to convince an incredulous House that a general in command was not surrounded, but only hemmed in. Contempt for his audience never obliterated a certain regard for his own dignity.

The picturesque element in Lord BEACONSFIELD's character facilitates his gradual conversion into an ideal personage. The impassive manner which struck the popular imagination was, according to the statement of one of his colleagues, not only artificial, but deceptive. Lord MALMESBURY, who is a fair, if not a friendly, witness, says that Mr. DISRAELI was as much delighted at becoming a Cabinet Minister as a young girl at her first ball. On the same authority it is asserted that in danger or disaster he was profoundly depressed. It may, on the other hand, be said that the faculty of assuming a calm demeanour is as useful and as genuine as natural and involuntary self-possession. According to a well-known tradition, HENRY IV. of France was always unnerved on the eve of a battle, and another hero explained his tremor by reference to the dangers into which he would be thrown by his audacious temperament. In more important respects than in outward bearing, DISRAELI was not a slave of passion. Under much provocation he never bore malice against antagonists who had become reconciled or who had discontinued their hostility. Some of those with whom he cordially co-operated in after years had been parties to the plot for making a vacancy in the Viceroyalty of India, so that Mr. DISRAELI might be succeeded by Mr. GLADSTONE in the lead of the Conservative party. If the attempt had not been defeated by Lord CANNING's refusal to resign, it is possible that Church and State would now be reposing under the protection of the statesman who is now their most formidable assailant. It is almost certain that Mr. GLADSTONE would on some occasion have returned to his former political allegiance if Mr. DISRAELI had not been in the way.

It is as the real or supposed representative of national honour that Lord BEACONSFIELD is now principally remembered. It was said of a commander-in-chief who reached the field after a battle had begun that the cheers of the troops were a vote of want of confidence in the lieutenant whom he superseded. Every bunch of primroses which was worn last week with a political purpose was a mark of indignation and contempt against the blunderers of Egypt, of South Africa, and of Central Asia. Lord BEACONSFIELD as an object of popular enthusiasm means the negation of whatever Mr. GLADSTONE has done. The instinct is sound, and the judgment is substantially correct, though before his last term of office Mr. DISRAELI had occasionally treated foreign affairs with something of the levity which implied his indifference to domestic legislation. In 1870 he discovered that under the Treaty of Vienna a petty German province was guaranteed to Prussia by England, so that, as he seemed to contend, England might in certain contingencies be compelled to defend Germany against French encroachment. In 1874 he propounded a still more irrelevant theory about the Straits of Malacca. It was not till the Eastern question began once more visibly to smoulder that he seemed to be for the first time thoroughly in earnest. There might be differences of opinion as to some parts of his subsequent policy; but it is certain that he impressed friends and enemies abroad with the resolution of his Government to assert its rights at any hazard. It was by a similar attitude that Lord PALMERSTON had during his long tenure of power secured the country against war. By an opposite policy Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. GLADSTONE, seconded by Mr. CORBEN and Mr. BRIGHT, brought on the Crimean struggle. There is a certain truth in the proposition that diplomacy is a game of brag. When international disputes arise, the demands on either side are largely regulated by calculation of the respective forces, and especially of the readiness of the other party to use

them. The Treaty of San Stefano was commuted into the Treaty of Berlin, in consequence of the general belief that Lord BEACONSFIELD would fight in preference to making unworthy concessions. The more recent principle of negotiation is to encourage hostile pressure by ostentatious unwillingness or inability to resist. If a primrose in a buttonhole implies a condemnation of cowardly rashness, the League, notwithstanding its fantastic accessories, deserves respect and support. Lord BEACONSFIELD was not a statesman of the highest order; and even as a party leader he had the defect of not commanding the confidence of the country in his administrative capacity. Mr. GLADSTONE'S miscarriages would have been less abundant if Mr. DISRAELI had been in the House of Commons; but if it were possible that Sir ROBERT PEEL should have led the Opposition, the Government would have been long since overthrown. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can hereafter convince Parliament and the country that he may be trusted as a Minister, he may at some remote time become, like Lord BEACONSFIELD, the object of posthumous veneration.

#### THE CRITIC'S DARK HOUR.

THE dark hour of the art critic is upon him. Press views multiply; the Galleries of the Water Colour and of the still more dreaded Grosvenor Gallery opened to him yesterday; at the end of next week the labours of the Academy begin. Little they reckon of the sufferings of the art critic, and by "they" we mean the artists and the general public. They think him the indolent butterfly or drone (not stingless) of reviewing. He is supposed to light on picture after picture, and pass his hateful verdict, and leave his horrid trail. Painters are, perhaps, not so sensitive as actors; they are even more sensitive than poets, and perhaps just on a level with people who publish their own sermons. The artistic temperament, that scourge of the human race, is so constructed that no praise gives it real pleasure, and that to hesitate the most harmless doubt gives keen agony. One can make allowances for painters. They observe, with perfect truth in the majority of cases, that their reviewer is sitting in judgment on what he knows little or nothing about. They add that the work of months, perhaps of years, is passed over with a hasty glance, and dismissed in a sentence. This is true; but who is to blame? Not the critic certainly. He is turned loose, for part of a day, among thousands of canvases, from which he has, with desperate haste and toil, to select what seems most worthy of remark, and then to make the remarks. No one is more injured than the critic himself, whose physical strength can hardly be equal to demands that would exhaust an athlete in training, and whose mental powers need must sink to the lowest ebb. Consider the attempt to review novels under the same conditions. The romances of a year, let us say, are displayed on Mr. MUDIE'S shelves; the reviewer has his press view day, from ten to five or so, and he has to write three columns of appreciation. His "copy" would run somewhat in this wise:—"Mr. BLACK exhibits *White Heather*. The landscape displays the author's usual intelligent care, and the figures of the poetic stalker and the agreeable Highland young woman are pleasantly grouped. There is a touching strain of poetry, in fact, about fifty separate strains in this very masterly composition." "Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S *Diana of the Crossways* is so unfortunately hung that we are unable to do full justice to a work manifestly fashioned with extreme and loving labour. The dense jungle of the first chapter once more exhibits this artist's power of reproducing the impenetrable swamps and forests of a tropical style. The central figure is charming, though perhaps a little gay." "Mr. PATER'S *Marius the Epicurean* is strictly and coldly academic, reminding us a good deal of the manner of Mr. POYNTER. The early Christians in the background are a little out of drawing, but the attractive figure of FAUSTINA has a touch of LEONARDO'S enigmatic subtlety. The hero is almost too heavily draped, so that it is not easy to trace the lines of the figure beneath the heavy swathings of the toga. Please observe the masterly freedom and science displayed in the painting of marble, armour, and texture generally. The landscape is very fine and grave." "Mr. JAMES PAYN'S *Luck of the Deverills* is a genre composition, with passages of deliciously lambent humour. The heroine is

"designed with Mr. PAYN'S wonted sweetness and delicate choice of harmonies. Observe the science and care displayed in the portrayal of the dissipated Rake."

Well novelists might complain if the work of months was hurried over thus, and the painter's toils are as serious as those of the novelist. But what other choice has the critic? He must do what he can with the time and materials allotted to him. He, too, like other critics, is vexed by personal motives which do not leave him free to praise a friend nor to blame an enemy as he might desire to do, on the strength of their works. However, he is little vexed by the seductions of chicken and champagne, and it is rarely in England (France is different) that he permits artistic aspirants to make him presents of their performances. We have not spoken of the prodigious stock of lore on all paintable subjects, from Assyrian architecture to the memoirs of the last century, from Greek friezes to modern fashions, which he has rapidly to master, or pretend to master, like a brief. Yet there are persons who speak lightly of the art critic as an indolent irresponsible reviewer.

#### IRELAND.

THE Irish people continue to demonstrate their loyal good will towards the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, and the representatives of the Irish people continue to make-believe very hard that they are doing nothing of the kind. It would be difficult to symbolize the general character of Irish representation in a more typical fact; and we only wish it might occur to the countrymen of Mr. O'BRIEN that he and his fellow-agitators may be as bad judges, or as dishonest interpreters, of the interests of Ireland as they are of her feelings. One might have thought that the Nationalist agitators themselves would by this time have begun to doubt the expediency of suggesting these considerations to Irishmen; and in all probability they would have done so if temper had not got the better of judgment. But really when, with all your utmost efforts in the cause of disloyalty, you cannot, even in "rebel Cork," get up a better counter-demonstration than the hisses of a few college students, it is enough to make a Nationalist, not "scratch his head and think"—that is the result it ought to produce—but tear his hair and rave. We have described the Queen's College affair as the only attempt made in Cork to break the general harmony of the Royal reception, for it would be unkind even to notice the performance of one of the numerous Mr. O'CONNORS, M.P., who seems to have been found standing at the corner of Parnell Bridge, surrounded by a small crowd of people uttering faint cries supposed to be expressive of disapproval as the Royal carriage drove past. At Limerick things were even more disappointing than at Cork; for, though some unpleasantness, it is said, had been apprehended in the first-mentioned city, the welcome received there by the PRINCE and PRINCESS was exceptionally enthusiastic. What must have caused special disgust in this instance to rowdy Nationalism was the discovery that even "pronounced Nationalist" Mayors, such as is Mr. O'MARA, of Limerick, may object strongly to the identification of their cause with rowdiness, and may take measures to prevent its being disgraced by practical association therewith. Even on the journey from Cork to Limerick, where the route lay through a district which, during the land agitation, was one of the most disturbed in Ireland, the one or two attempts at hostile demonstration were, with one exception, in which energetic action was called for on the part of the police, of the feeblest character. On their return to Dublin the Royal visitors were received, not of course with the same amount of excitement as on their first entry into the capital, but with an unabated warmth of welcome. Last Thursday they quitted Dublin for the North, and the last hopes of disloyalty are now fixed upon Derry, where it is being sought to create disturbance by appealing to the sectarian passions always ready to be roused in that home of religious animosities. The precautions already taken by the local authorities may, no doubt, be trusted to ensure tranquillity; but even should they fail to do so, a sputter of rioting in Derry could claim but little significance as an indication of any hostility to the British Crown. Catholics and Orangemen are unfortunately but too ready at all times to convert certain Ulster towns into impromptu "Donnybrooks"; and, as the presence of a Prince and



Princess of Wales is notoriously no more requisite as an incentive to combat in these localities than at the famous fair itself, there would be no necessity for attaching any political importance to the concurrence of a Royal visit with a party fight.

We have admitted that the whole history of the PRINCE's almost triumphal progress through Ireland is full of natural provocation to the Irish Irreconcilables; but it is really astonishing that grown men—if, indeed, Irishmen of a certain type can ever become entitled to that description—should show so childish an incapacity to restrain the manifestations of their chagrin as does Mr. O'BRIEN. His speech at the fortnightly meeting of the National League this week is almost pathetic in its self-disclosure. To hear a man like Mr. O'BRIEN say that he has "read with pride the demonstrations which had taken place on the previous day in Tralee, Listowel, Limerick, and Dublin," when he must know not only that his hearers, but that all the world, are fully aware of what these unfortunate little "demonstrations" amount to, produces a feeling almost akin to pain in any compassionate mind. There is something so utterly forlorn in the spectacle of the starved-out agitator eagerly picking up these pitiful crumbs of comfort, like a sinister robin in a frost. "He was sure," said the member and unsuccessful mob-collector for Mallow, "that the League would agree with him that now there was not a shadow of doubt as to the real relations which existed between the PRINCE OF WALES and the people of Ireland." And of course there is no shadow of doubt on this point in the minds of his hearers; the only "shadow" in the business is that which sits upon their rueful faces. But what a form of words to select for calling special attention to the cruel disappointment of the League and its adherents! Then, again, "the people, he was glad to see, had not done what their enemies desired so earnestly to give the authorities an opportunity of flinging their armed forces upon them." No; the people have been too busily engaged feting the PRINCE and PRINCESS to have had leisure to give the authorities any "opportunity" of the kind in question; and as to "true Irish opinion" having had to be "kept from the PRINCE at the point of the bayonet," the metaphor is simply a confusion between one end of the fire-arm and the other. What Mr. O'BRIEN must have meant was that when "Irish opinion" has been pressing itself with somewhat too eager a loyalty upon the Royal visitors, it has had to be "kept from the PRINCE," not at the point of the bayonet, but by the butt of the rifle dropped gently upon the Irish toes. "Wherever the PRINCE would go throughout the country," concluded Mr. O'BRIEN—here, we are afraid, only plagiarizing from a piece of burlesque truculence uttered about Ireland by a Saxon—"there would not be wanting evidence to remind him that the sincere and earnest prayer of the Irish people was that the British Empire would be sunk for twenty-four hours to the bottom of the sea"—to which appropriate sentiment a Mr. MATTHEW HARRIS—an enemy whose acquaintance we had not previously made—obligingly said ditto. We, for our own part, shall only remark that, if Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. HARRIS's prayers could be answered, they would afford the most striking example in history of *vota Dis exaudita maligis*; for most certainly that portion of the Irish people who, after the event contemplated, escaped having their throats cut by their countrymen would perish of starvation.

No doubt there has been language used by separatist spouters which would, in form at any rate, appear to be of more serious import than the mere imprecatory Billingsgate we have just quoted. Mr. REDMOND, for instance, has endeavoured to show that he can utter something more than what Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN described as mere "expressions of political impatience." His appeal to his countrymen to die—under certain circumstances—"with their faces to the foe and the green standard of their fathers floating o'er them" is undoubtedly more or less of a "call to arms." But, with all respect to Mr. M'COAN's opinion, it is in reality rather less than more. It was a "call to arms" with an "if"—a warlike invocation glowing with all the fervour of hypothesis. It is only in the event of "the Orangemen and Freemasons persecuting" Mr. REDMOND "too much" that he would think of raising the green standard; and even in that event it is doubtful whether the great mass of Irish sedition-mongers would renounce their often-proved alle-

giance to the white feather. As to the Irish people, Mr. REDMOND would find when he had set up his flagstaff that they, like a certain English worthy on a memorable occasion, had more sense than to be there. The Irishman knows by experience what comes of rebellion. He knows that it invariably ends in his being "betrayed" by the police and, perhaps, even treacherously assaulted by the soldiery—fit instruments of that *animal méchant* the British Government, with its malignant habit of self-defence; and we have no fear whatever of Irishmen responding in any considerable number to Mr. REDMOND's invitation. If Mr. REDMOND wants to die with his face to the foe and the green standard of his fathers floating o'er him, he will have to do it single-handed—a general, colour-sergeant, and army in one.

#### SOCIAL SCIENCE IN ECLIPSE.

IT is to be feared that many persons will be pleased to hear that the Social Science Association has made its mind up not to hold a Congress this year. Even total disappearance of the institution would be a relief to many of us, as may be seen from the haste shown in some quarters to jump to the conclusion that because the Congress is not to meet this summer, it will never meet again. For reasons which may be given further on, we are not of that opinion, but our belief that the Congress will reappear is not accompanied by any wish that it should. It may be very irrational to wish ill to a body which, if not necessary, is harmless; but the Social Science Association did contrive to get itself heartily disliked. The feeling was, it cannot be denied, foolish, and was commonly justified with a certain amount of weakness. For the common assertion that the Congress was a bore was a criticism on the people bored by it. Nobody was compelled to attend it, or to read the columns of oppressive-looking type its proceedings filled in the *Times*; yet it succeeded in making nearly everybody, except its own members, sympathize thoroughly with the attitude of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's Maori friends towards the experienced person who gave them so much good advice. It may be that the Association inherited something of the unpopularity of its wonderful founder. Lord BROUGHAM was so dreadfully addicted to laying the law down on things in general that he had caused his death to be openly prayed for in many quarters long before it came, and when his practice was continued in an aggravated form the thing became insufferable. It was too much to have a special organization for the perpetuation of Lord BROUGHAM. This is what the Association was, in fact, from the first, and after a time the thing became too obvious. Then its dissolution also was, if not prayed for, at least wished for in a more secular way.

Much as we should like never to hear of the Social Science Congress again, or of anything like it, we have a sad conviction that in some form or another it will revive. There is a very considerable truth to life in the tolerably familiar story of our friend the fly on the wheel. As long as the wheel continues to go round the fly will perch itself on the axle and make complacent observations as of old. Even when it has to fall into a condition of suspended animation the Association shows that it has by no means cast off the old Adam. The Congress, it seems, is not to be held because of the general election, which would be seriously thrown out of gear if the members met in a provincial town to go through the old round of reading papers on every conceivable subject and discussing every possible question without ever arriving at a definite result. There is, however, no need to quarrel with the vanity of the social scientists. If it is any consolation to them when threatened with extinction to reflect on their own importance, they may be allowed to get whatever pleasure they can out of the fiction. The worst of it is that the Congress will only too probably not be extinguished. There are so many excellent persons who love loose talk, and who really think they are helping the world on by standing by and making the remarkable observation that it moves, that something of the kind may be trusted to exist to the end of time. The number of lesser Congresses which meet in these days will afford some little relief to those philosophers in the absence of the big one, but it will be of a very temporary and insufficient kind. These imitations of the great original are formed to discuss particular questions, and that will always be a terrible blot on their attractions. Amateurs who meet to exchange what they call their

ideas on any question, no matter how strictly the discussion may be limited, can never, it is true, be kept entirely to the point, but still they are confined more or less. They must listen to speeches on one subject and must themselves speak on one subject if they attend a special Congress. Now this is just what the thorough-paced Social Scientist hates. He exists for the purpose of talking about things in general and hearing them talked about. The great Congress met yearly to make him happy, and it had a traditional right to be pretty fully reported, which was not the least of its merits in his eyes, and which will not descend to its offspring. Looking at these considerations, we incline to think that the Social Science Congress will not wholly perish.

#### THE CATHEDRALS COMMISSION.

NO more perspicuous evidence could be found of the changed estimation in which cathedrals are held by the general public than the genial final Report with which the Cathedrals Commission sums up the labours of 128 sittings held since 1879, unless it be the appreciative reception rendered to that Report by the newspapers. Cathedrals are no longer costly encumbrances nor even Corinthian capitals; no longer quaint survivals of an obsolete past, to be cut down or cut up, carved and hacked beyond recognition. They have a distinctive mission in the ecclesiastical economy, which they, and they alone, can fulfil. The work of the Commission was to make the best of a good and active organization which yet might be made better, and not to pronounce the doom of an institution which had outlived its time. As appointed by Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government in 1879 it was large enough for efficient work and too small for superfluous talk—that is, composed of seven permanent members, afterwards reduced to six—and it had the advantage of the successive chairmanship of Archbishop TAIT and the Bishop of CARLISLE. In the case, too, of each successive cathedral the Dean and a Canon were added as special Commissioners. The spirit in which the Commission worked was that of regarding “the Cathedral and the members of the Cathedral body with reference not merely to the city in which they exist, nor, on the other hand, merely to the Church at large, but also and perhaps chiefly to the interests of the diocese of which the Cathedral is the Mother Church and the Dean the leading Presbyter.” So regarded, that cathedral asserts itself as holding a place unlike that of any other body in a constitutionally regulated Episcopal church, as the guarantor of well-balanced order and concentrated energy, tempering alike prelate autocracy and synodal license. A broad distinction stamped on the ecclesiastical history of England faced the Commission—namely, that which exists between the cathedrals of the “old” foundation—that is, churches which had been cathedrals served by canons before the Reformation, and still existing under their old constitutions, only sufficiently modified to meet the reformed régime, such as York, Lincoln, Salisbury, and St. Paul's—and cathedrals of the “new” foundation—namely, ancient abbeys, some of them, like Canterbury, Ely, and Durham, original cathedrals under an abnormal and peculiarly English constitution of having been served by monks, not canons—and some for the first time raised, like Chester and Gloucester, to cathedral rank, but all put at the Reformation under constitutions of the collegiate, and not the monastic, type. So, while the Commissioners had no wish to abolish the distinction, they laboured to import into the cathedrals of the new foundation the best distinctive features of the more ancient organizations. The greater Chapters of the old foundations, composed of the large margin of non-residentiary prebendaries, stripped of all profits, but still enjoying some corporate rights, were an object of legitimate envy to those honorary canons who had been by recent legislation added, as mere titles of honour, to that always limited and now still further diminished body of residentiaries who were the ideal Chapters of HENRY VIII.'s cathedrals. So it is proposed to organize the honorary canons into a greater Chapter, as a fresh element of the “new” foundations; while in all cathedrals, “old” and “new,” a novel, while highly useful, “Diocesan Chapter,” composed of the greater Chapter and the rural deans, is to be called into existence for the discussion of diocesan matters, subject to be convoked at the discretion of the bishop. The old foundations were also conspicuously superior in the attribution of distinctive offices to individual canons, the usual “quatuor personæ” having been

the dean, the precentor, the chancellor (i.e. schoolmaster or divinity lecturer) and the treasurer; while there were also occasionally to be found sub-dean and succentor, so a similar attribution on more elastic conditions is suggested for the canons of the new foundation, and the bishop is to have powers of assigning special work to every new canon on his institution. The hinge on which these reforms is to turn is the extension of obligatory residence of every canon from three to eight months, but this recommendation has perforce to be counterbalanced by the proviso that it is only to apply where there is sufficient income to call on the canon to resign all other preferment, a state of things which is unhappily only very partially found amongst existing cathedrals. The various changes compendiously recommended in the final Report had already been with considerable, though necessary, amplification set forth in the successive special reports on the different cathedrals, published by the Commission, which early came to the practical conclusion that the best way of embodying its recommendations was severally to set them forth in the form of codes of amended statutes. Such statutes, of course, would in themselves have no legal value, but the suggestion led up to the further one of a standing tribunal constituted as yet another Committee of Council, and comprising members suitable for its specific functions to whom would be entrusted the task of framing, in concert with the Chapters, new cathedral statutes, with the hope that they would follow the lines of those recommended by the Commission. So, after all, this machinery is the formal result of the Commission's work, and in the meanwhile the moral value of the new statutes stands for what it is worth, and will probably to a great extent be more or less precisely embodied in Chapter bylaws.

Meanwhile the ugly question of funds stands out in all its prominence. The Commission was appointed to sustain and not to destroy, and so it does not conceal its belief that, especially in the present condition of agricultural depreciation, the incomes of our cathedrals are, in varying degrees, inadequate for the duties which they are expected to perform; and, in consequence of the shortsighted and sentimental policy imposed by Lord SHAFTESBURY upon the Ecclesiastical Commission in a less enlightened period, very far off indeed from any succour. Under feelings combining Puritanism and sentimentality the future distribution of the huge funds which had passed to that body were limited to the augmentation of parochial cures, and cathedrals which had so great a claim for help out of moneys which had in truth been sequestered from them were left out in the cold. There are of course expectant incumbents without number prepared at the slightest hint of any reconsideration of the system to raise the always plausible bread-and-butter cry in the columns of willing newspapers, so the cautious language in which the Report points to there being another side to the question deserves the credit for courage due to early protests against a narrow injustice. In the meanwhile the cathedrals are feeling very cruelly the agricultural depression, and at this minute display the inconsistent aspect of, on the one side, conspicuous moral improvement and the abundant possession of wealth which arises from voluntary gifts, and therefore reckons for nothing as income, and, on the other, a woeful spectacle of empty coffers. To mention no other cathedrals, the financial condition of Winchester, Peterborough, and Wells especially deserves great commiseration.

Lord HAMPTON'S return of 1874 summed up the moneys spent on the restoration of cathedrals out of caputular funds and private subscriptions from 1840 to that date at 1,095,342*l.*, and this not including the sumptuous restoration at Lichfield, while the supplementary sums comprised in the estimates obtained by the present Commission as spent since 1874 amount to an additional 457,255*l.* In face of these figures, representing in one aspect such munificence and in the other such popularity, it would be a public disgrace to leave the cathedrals to languish as victims of a run of ill luck, for which they are in no way at all responsible.

Among the criticisms which this Report has elicited, there has been but one jarring note, and strange to say that note proceeds from the Archbishop of YORK, who took advantage of a Church meeting at Sheffield to drag in an unprovoked attack on the cathedrals and the Commission. The fact nakedly stated is strange enough, but far more strange are the grounds which the ARCHBISHOP has selected for soliciting



an adverse opinion which should be detrimental, not only to the Commission—as to which no doubt he has a full right to his opinion—but also to the cathedrals themselves, regarding which every obligation of office and of noblesse ought to have extorted from him words of sympathy and encouragement. We are told that “perhaps few persons expected a large amount of beneficent change to originate” from the Commission; and it would have been natural to expect as the reason that the Commissioners were not the men to originate anything beneficent. No at all so; it is because “the cathedral” [we call attention to the use of the impersonal singular] “with its privileges and its natural jealousy of interference refused to be moulded into conformity with modern ideas of activity.” These words are very harmless, for when they were uttered the series of reports from the different cathedrals had been published with their one tale in many shapes of ready co-operation between Commission and cathedrals. But coming in that order they are also very bold, as they affect the credit of their author. Something, however, still more wonderful remains. The ARCHBISHOP, deprecating indulgence for the Commission, remarks “that indulgence would, however, have been more readily given if certain obvious changes could have been introduced, such as the assignment of definite duties to every member of a Cathedral Chapter.” It is enough to say that such assignment formed so special an object of the solicitude of the Commission, and is so plainly set forth in its reports, that the ARCHBISHOP in making this charge cannot be absolved from much recklessness or much ignorance.

#### INDIGNANT PITTITES.

MR. IRVING, in the benevolence of his kindly nature, has contrived to inflict a cruel wound on the Pit. Every one whom duty or pleasure has led along the Strand in the afternoon must have observed the interesting “mauls” or “scrimmages” which occur outside the doors of theatres. The public is playing at a new kind of football, with no ball, and only one goal—the pit-door. Or, if any one prefers it, the amateurs of the stage are storming the breach, and those behind cry “Forward!” while those before do not cry “Back!” The maul or scrimmage or assault is highly inconvenient to passers-by, who are hustled out into the street, and compelled to fight with beasts there, especially with cab-horses and drivers. But the public which is going to the play likes the struggle and contest; it is part of the holiday. What is a holiday without your neighbour’s elbows in your sides, and without your heels on your neighbour’s toes? Rushes and squashes of this kind are the chief joy of all popular festivities. What would Bank Holiday be without the stampedes in chase of railway-carriages, without the well-contested affairs of outposts at the ticket-offices, without the storming of refreshment-bars? Yes, we are a great fighting people still, when there is nothing to pay for the privilege of fighting. Let the Russ, if he doubts it, just try to get a seat in the pit, or to enter as seventeenth man in a third-class carriage. All “caterers,” as they are called, for public pleasures recognise these English instincts and make the necessary provisions. Thus we do not take tickets for a journey, comfortably, at leisure, before we start, on the American principle. No; “Once more into the breach” we scream, and fight it out to the bitter end. What courage, what devotion, what gallantry has Paddington beheld, and the storied crests of Waterloo! The same thing with regard to luggage. It would be easy to devise or borrow the American system, to be sure of the safety of our baggage, and to recover it on presenting a ticket. The public has no idea of such pusillanimous conduct. The luggage, at the journey’s end, is all tossed out in a heap, women rush round making dabs at their “things,” strong men “hurl into the press,” and send trunks or portmanteaus flying; it is every one for himself, and half-a-crown for the porter.

Mr. IRVING ought to know his public by this time. He should be the last man to insult them by offering them easy ways of taking their seats. “That immortal garland is ‘to be run for,’” the Pittite thinks, “not without dust and sweat.” The Pittite cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, which sneaks betimes to the booking-office, and secures a seat without the glorious perils of the siege, the skirmish, the heady fight. Well, the misguided manager has attempted to rob his public of its violent delights. He offers them chances of booking their seats

beforehand, of assuming them with ease. Why, what they like is “the mere noise and motion of the fray.” Therefore an “Indignant Pittite” (it sounds like the name of some tribe in the Old Testament) writes to the *St. James’s Gazette*, and complains of managerial tyranny. It is alleged that people who cannot be sure of having their evening free cannot book beforehand. But, if the pit is to be taken by violence, as at present, how do these persons of uncertain leisure find time for the prolonged operations, with all the necessary siege-train of provisions and so forth? The amount of “inconvenience” they now undergo is quoted as a test of their “enthusiasm.” But, if they really disliked inconvenience, their enthusiasm would all have evaporated in the tussle before they reached their seats. By Mr. IRVING’s booking system the enthusiasm would all be bottled, in a cool place, till the rise of the curtain, when it would flow with a fine head on it, like the foaming beer of ginger. This, we anticipate, would be the result; the pit would never become as “stolid as the dress circle.” GORDON seems to have been driven into the ends of the earth, to judge from his Central African letters, by the misery of the classes in the dress circle—by their “ghastly” gaieties, as he calls them. The pit will always, whether it books its seats or fights for them, have a higher standard of gaiety.

#### AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

INTERNAL evidence makes the authorship of the *Quarterly* article on the Age of Progress a transparent secret; but the criticisms and conclusions of the writer need no support from his personal authority. A former essay on Democracy was composed in the same tone of sceptical irony, and it contained a similar application to commonplaces of the test of history and experience. ROUSSEAU’s *Contrat Social*, which serves as a heading to the review, actually furnishes a considerable part of the subject-matter; for it is to ROUSSEAU and to BENTHAM that the writer traces a large part of the opinions and tendencies which he has selected for examination. The natural rights of man have lately reappeared in political discussion, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number, as it is estimated by the same interested majority, is popularly assumed to be the proper object of politics, and especially of legislation. In the common use of the term, progress may be regarded as equivalent to movement, inasmuch as its admirers take it for granted that all change is for the better. The Reviewer denounces as a fallacy or delusion the common belief that the passion for change is a universal phenomenon of human nature. He shows that, on the contrary, mankind in general detests attempts to change its habits and customs. The aversion to change is most deeply rooted in the East, and the writer, who seems to be well acquainted with India, holds that the chief difficulty of governing that country is the practical impossibility of getting the English people to understand the most characteristic peculiarity of the natives. Historians address “a public which cannot be brought to believe that a vast ‘popular uprising was produced by a prejudice about a greased cartridge.’” A similar want of imagination was at the root of Lord RIBON’s showy and shallow proposals of reform.

In Europe, and even in England, legislative activity is scarcely older than the Reform Bill. As the Reviewer truly says, “During the period when English popular government was attracting to itself the admiration of the ‘educated classes throughout the civilized world, the Parliament of our Hanoverian kings was busy with controlling executive activity, with the discussion of foreign policy, with vehement debates on foreign wars, but it ‘hardly legislated at all.’” The writer attributes the opposite practice of recent times in some degree to the modern use of the ancient form of a speech from the throne. It has in late years been thought necessary that the Sovereign, formally addressing a Parliament at the beginning of a new Session, should have something practical to recommend. In former times it was rather expected that he should communicate information. In this case it may be doubted whether the present practice is a cause or an effect. The Reviewer, though he is certainly not an enthusiastic reformer, would probably admit that a certain part of modern legislation has been judicious and useful. In proving that the process is exceptional, he can scarcely hope to check a tendency which appears to become every year more fully organized and more irresistible. As he admits, the love of change has for some time past allied

itself with the passion for democracy. It may be true that human nature, including feminine fashion, varies only at intervals and within definite limits; but the history of France and of Europe since the first Revolution shows that a transfer of political power tends to be irrevocable, and that a class which finds itself strong enough to establish its own predominance will not discontinue its efforts until they have become successful. It is probable that the domestic habits of rural Frenchmen have scarcely changed during the incessant revolutions of the last century; but the upper classes have lost all political power; and it is unlikely that they should recover any part of the influence which they have lost.

The reviewer's opinion of ROUSSEAU's political system is not unappreciative; but it is practically summed up in the proposition that ROUSSEAU's natural man would, if he had mixed in real life, been "a violent blackguard." The whole body of natural men was to exercise without devolution or delegation absolute and universal power; for the *Contrat Social* rejected the representative machinery which has, according to many theorists, been the greatest political discovery of modern times. In France, and to some extent in England, the direct and immediate rule of the popular majority has of late years become a favourite revolutionary doctrine. The Paris Communards of 1871 proposed that every local community should be absolutely independent, transacting its own affairs without control by means of universal suffrage. The English House of Commons is visibly declining in power at the very moment when it seeks to concentrate in itself all the forces of the State. The Caucus or self-elected out-of-door Parliament habitually calls members to account for their votes, forming and expressing a judgment, which, of course, emanates from its managers, on every current question of legislation or of policy. It is true that the Five Hundreds and the Eight Hundreds profess to derive their authority from some kind of election; but their nominal constituents are the majority of a majority; and they are organized for the sole purpose of strengthening and confirming the power of the most numerous faction. In former times a member was commonly secure if he represented the opinion of a majority of the whole body of electors, including the party which had failed to return a candidate of its own. The founders of the Caucus have succeeded in disenfranchising the whole of the local minority. The greatest happiness of the greatest number is a more workable formula than the natural rights of man; but it may be still more easily reduced to a logical absurdity. It was lately shown by the advocates of Proportional Representation that half of a community and one over might, under the present system, deprive the other half, with one short, of all Parliamentary representation. For the same reason it may be affirmed that a bare majority of the greatest number may with impunity destroy the happiness of the rest. The Turks and Egyptians are probably happier with slaves than without them, and the class to which the masters belong, though not the actual holders of slaves, forms in both countries a large majority. The abstinence fanatics at this moment propose to starve their more rational neighbours wherever they are able to outvote them. Perhaps it may be said that BENTHAM's rule is meant to be elastic; but generalities which are not universally true are but shaky foundations of political justice.

The Reviewer concurs in the opinion held by most educated Englishmen that historical or spontaneous constitutions are preferable to the deliberate inventions of almost all modern States. It may be doubted whether the proposition is now as true as in former times. It was the constant boast of English constitutional jurists that the limited monarchy with two branches of the Legislature included in itself all necessary balance of domestic power. That liberty and good government depended on the maintenance of the equilibrium was one of the deepest convictions of the founders of the American Republic. They were the more anxious to provide substitutes for the parts of the fabric with which they were compelled to dispense because they shared the popular belief that the quarrel with England had originated in the supposed encroachments of the Crown; yet they guarded themselves against the opposite error of rendering the Executive branch too weak for the discharge of its proper functions. The President recovered under definite conditions the veto which had for three-quarters of a century become obsolete in England. His Ministers were independent of Parliamentary majorities, while, on the other hand, they had no direct means of exercising an influence over Congress. The House of

Representatives has always been far less powerful than the House of Commons; and the Senate, intentionally founded on the principle of inequality, has been the most considerable body in the Republic. The jurisdiction of the Supreme Court to restrain usurpation on the part of any branch of the Government is a still more elaborate contrivance to ensure the solidity of the Constitution. The people of the United States have, with an exercise of faith which does credit to their political aptitude, long since persuaded themselves that their Constitution was a sacred document, to be completed or altered only under pressure of absolute necessity. The consequence is that the Republic is now far more stable than the English monarchy. There can be no question of abolishing the Senate or of restricting still further the powers of the President. In England the absence of all distinction between law and Constitution was once invaluable as a guarantee of the omnipotence of Parliament. It now seems likely to facilitate revolution and to confirm the usurpations of the Caucus. When the ship of State is once on its beam ends, the weight will shift to the side which is under. The ignorant or selfish multitude may at its pleasure abolish any part of the Constitution which seems likely to temper its own lawless supremacy. In one country in the world the recipients of weekly wages will exercise absolute authority over domestic and foreign policy, and over social and economic conditions. It would be well if there were in England, as in ancient Greece, fundamental laws which could only be altered by the Legislature itself at the risk of the proposers of change. The historical Constitution is no longer sacred.

#### JEAMES OF PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

ALTHOUGH the defendant in the recent case of *DE TEYRON v. WARING* has received the effusive sympathy of the *Times*, the injuries of his victim, even if exaggerated in Court, do not seem altogether unworthy of attention. The *Times*, indeed, appears unable to enter into the feelings of any one with less than five thousand a year, and its article on the subject is a perfect specimen of Mr. PODSNAP's philosophy. If people who practise the plebeian art of walking will insist on bringing their feet into contact with the apparatus for gentlemen's dinner-parties, so much the worse for them. They should be taught to know their place, and, besides, they can always walk in the middle of the road. Fortunately for those whose opportunities of driving are curtailed by circumstances, or who perversely prefer the use of their own legs, even special juries are not entirely composed of very rich men. Mr. DE TEYRON is, no doubt, in the eyes of Podsnappery, a very contemptible sort of person. He has not succeeded in business, and he sometimes, as the writer in the *Times* notes with genteel disgust, feeds on "dried fish and potatoes." What business has a "broken-down commission agent, whose business 'income is not far from the vanishing point,' as the *Times* courteously and feelingly describes Mr. DE TEYRON, to interfere with the arrangements of a gentleman living in Grosvenor Square? The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, however, reminded the jury that even gentlemen in Grosvenor Square, exalted as their condition may be, are yet subject to the law. Now the law, with its usual lack of proper respect for persons, says that not even gentlemen living in Grosvenor Square must obstruct the highway. The street, or square, pavement is part of the highway, and is indeed specially designed by democratic authorities for the convenience of foot-passengers. A piece of carpet laid over it is an obstruction, and is liable, as recent cases have shown, and as common sense would suggest, to trip people up. Mr. DE TEYRON was tripped up, and considerably hurt. He has got sixty pounds by way of damages, besides ten pounds which Mr. WARING gave him, and this has shocked the *Times* very much. How are dinner-parties to be given? How will dress shoes be preserved from contamination, if men out-at-elbows, who never wear dress shoes, persist in their impudent demand to be allowed a free passage along a public thoroughfare? This is a levelling age. The thin end of the wedge is being freely inserted where conventional wielders of metaphor would apparently expect the thick. Disagreeable persons with muddy boots, who refuse to spend their whole time in looking out for carpets, trouble the repose of the rich and great. No wonder that the *Times* is very sad.

Perhaps, however, there is something a little snobbish, not to say vulgar, in this view. LAZARUS may have bored



DIVES. But if DIVES had a right to exist, so had LAZARUS. As Lord COLERIDGE puts it, there is nothing unlawful in a man looking at the stars as he walks, instead of at the pavement. The philosopher who did so fell into a pit, and had to be pulled out by a little Thracian maiden. Whether by the law of Thrace he could have brought an action against the owner of the pit, we do not pretend to know. Here in England those who put stumbling-blocks in the way of others must take the consequences, or rather the less disagreeable part of the consequences, which is the pecuniary liability and not the personal injury. "The passenger," says Lord COLERIDGE, "is not bound to look for mats on the 'highway.'" A correspondent of the *Times*, who is alive to the humorous side of things, and not devoted in deadly earnest to the interests of wealth, denounces what he calls, in his plebeian way, "this system of Belgravian atrocity." "Before we have gone twenty yards," says he, speaking for the loungers of London, "we find ourselves on our noses, with a grinning flunkey standing over us, wanting to 'know why the — we cannot look where we are going.'" This, according to the *Times*, is the appointed lot of pedestrians here below. "Walking along a West-End street 'one evening in the season,'" continues the correspondent, "is like picking one's way over an Irish bog, and one has 'to go along lifting up one's legs like a circus horse.'" It is surely time that this sort of thing was put a stop to, even at some cost to the tender susceptibilities of those whom PENNIALINUS calls Amphitryons. After all, there is not much danger that the streets of London will become too seductive to the stroller. The wayfaring man, though by no means a fool, is only too likely to meet with inconvenience in them. At all events, householders may be invited to abstain from putting carpets down, until in their capacity of ratepayers they have provided light enough to see the carpets by. Meanwhile it is, happily, quite clear that they indulge themselves in the luxury of appropriating a portion of the pavement at their own risk.

#### DEAN BLAKESLEY.

THE late Dean of Lincoln, Mr. BLAKESLEY, was a dignitary of a type which could ill be spared in the Church of England. He combined with undisputed orthodoxy, and strict observance of ecclesiastical decorum, the ready tact and business-like instinct of an accomplished layman. Having taken high honours at Cambridge, and obtained a fellowship at Trinity, he would probably have chosen the law as his profession but for a tendency to delicate health. He would almost certainly have succeeded at the Bar, having great powers of application, an accurate memory, and a singularly keen and vigorous intellect. Though he had no gift of impassioned eloquence, his language was clear and fluent, and he had by nature a graceful and dignified bearing. There are now perhaps few who remember that Mr. BLAKESLEY was the "Clear-headed friend" to whom one of Lord TENNYSON's early prolusions was addressed. His "joyful scorn" was repressed, and no longer "edged with 'sharp laughter'" when he knew the world better; but the young poet justly appreciated the powers of his contemporary friend:—

Low cowering shall the Sophist sit;  
Falschood shall bare her plaited brow;  
Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not now  
With thrilling shafts of subtle wit.

In after life the Dean of LINCOLN was too wise to court the reputation of a satirist; but he was not a critic whom a conscious sophist would have willingly encountered. He was probably less reticent in the debates of the "Apostles," that "youthful band of friends" who have been commemorated by the same poet in a maturer work. Though Mr. BLAKESLEY might have acquired a larger amount of fame and fortune in a more ambitious career, he was probably contented with a tranquil, useful, and prosperous life.

Mr. BLAKESLEY's earliest administrative experience was acquired in the important office of Tutor of Trinity. His surviving pupils would probably agree that in this, as in other stages of his life, he was fully equal to the demands of his position. A more effusive and more sentimental disposition, if it is corrected by masculine qualities, may be better calculated to secure the doubtful boon of general popularity; but Mr. BLAKESLEY could not fail to inspire respect; and he had none of the fussy petulance which offends and alienates the young. A healthy-minded student

can dispense with enthusiastic sympathy on the part of his superiors; but he likes to be directed and controlled by a manly man. There are perhaps schoolmasters and other teachers who think it their principal duty to stand *in loco parentis* to their pupils. Mr. BLAKESLEY was satisfied with being college tutor. After a few years he married and settled in the college living from which he afterwards assumed the once well-known designation of "The Hertfordshire Incumbent." It happened that the parish was through want of judgment or of good fortune on the part of his predecessor in a state of ecclesiastical mutiny, and it might almost be said of social disruption. The various factions and coteries of a populous and wealthy country town had probably many plausible arguments to urge on behalf of their respective grievances and contentions. The new vicar might have possibly secured a controversial victory to any one of the conflicting causes which he might think it expedient to support; but he was not the man to waste his force on swelling a local storm in a teapot. Having fortunately an independent competence, and being accustomed to the habits of society, Mr. BLAKESLEY undertook the abatement of parochial feuds by a well-considered dinner-treatment. A judiciously arranged round table prevented rivalries for precedence; and the quiet courtesy of the hospitable incumbent produced a feeling of deference which gradually ripened into imitation of a reasonable and dispassionate temper. The Low Church malcontents, including some of the Nonconformist magnates, could find no pretext for attributing to Mr. BLAKESLEY undue sacerdotal tendencies. The adverse party willingly admitted his regard for order and propriety, and his total exemption from vulgar fanaticism. During an incumbency of many years he was much liked and universally respected, though he was at all times incapable of cultivating any vulgar art of popularity. Among the liberal subscribers to a church which was restored by his influence were some of the bitterest opponents of his predecessor and of the early critics of himself. It is highly desirable that there should be wide differences of character among the parochial clergy. The status of the whole body is raised by an intermixture of scholars and of men of the world. Next to the mere idler, the strictly professional incumbent possesses the least general influence. The average layman cannot permanently look up to the circulator of parochial gossip, who associates exclusively with the female members of the congregation on the ground of common interest in choir-festivals and clothing-clubs and church decorations. All or most of these things are as useful and desirable as mint and cummin; but they ought not to supersede all secular objects of interest. The letters of "The Hertfordshire Incumbent" to the *Times* dealt with political and practical questions which have since assumed other forms. As they were but ostensibly anonymous, they increased Mr. BLAKESLEY's general reputation, which had originally rested on his classical publications. When he was at last appointed a Canon of Canterbury his promotion excited less surprise than the long delay in official appreciation of his gifts and achievements. He was a Liberal, as the term was understood twenty years ago, but he never took an active part in political controversy. When he became a member of Convocation he generally voted with the minority. It is fortunately not the custom of the clerical Parliament to aggravate differences of opinion by the introduction of personal rancour.

Mr. BLAKESLEY retained the living of Ware till his final promotion to the Deanery of Lincoln. No fitter addition could have been made to the list of a class of dignitaries which ought to represent general learning as well as theological attainments and practical sagacity; but Mr. BLAKESLEY's health was no longer strong; and in later years he found the climate of Lincoln trying to his constitution. As in all other parts of his career he contrived to live on pleasant terms with colleagues and with neighbours; and during his vacations, which were generally spent in London, he entered with zest into general society, until his failing health compelled him to relinquish his former habits. It was probably a proof of his tact, though credit must also be given to the other party in the controversy, that his friendly relations with the Bishop of LINCOLN were not disturbed. No two persons could be more utterly unlike than Dr. WORDSWORTH and Mr. BLAKESLEY. As Fellows of Trinity they must have been acquainted with one another in their youth; and they were both accomplished classical students, the BISHOP being by far the greater scholar of the two; on the other hand, the DEAN was less likely to give way to excitement or to

professional zeal, and in all practical matters he was a sound judge of custom and ecclesiastical law. There is a certain plausibility in the common paradox that Bishops and Deans are natural enemies, and Bishop WORDSWORTH's claims to supremacy in the cathedral of the diocese were not likely to be moderated by any consideration of persons or of expediency. It would be injudicious to inquire into the merits of a controversy which happily never degenerated into a quarrel. Mr. BLAKESLEY was certain to be as tenacious of the rights of his office as if he had shared Dr. WORDSWORTH's ecclesiastical enthusiasm. The issues which were raised may probably serve to occupy more than one generation of their respective successors. Disinterested observers, who pretend to no opinion on such subjects, are principally anxious that legal right shall not be sacrificed to supposed sympathy or convenience. Mr. BLAKESLEY was probably not tempted to magnify the office of a Dean, but he might be trusted to guard to the utmost of his power for transmission to his successors all privileges which he had inherited from his predecessors. A curious illustration of Mr. BLAKESLEY's characteristic industry was furnished two years ago, when, at the age of seventy-five, he engaged with keen interest in a discussion which was then proceeding as to certain financial arrangements at the Athenæum Club. About the same time he told some of his friends that he was surprised to find himself alive at an age which none of his family had hitherto reached. It was too evident that no considerable prolongation of his life could be expected; yet he took the trouble of going through the accounts of the Club, he printed the results of his inquiries in a pamphlet, and he took an active part in the debate on the matter. The soundest mental constitutions retain their activity longest. A life of moderate distinction and of constant usefulness was probably, on the whole, as happy as may have been compatible with circumstances. It is against such representatives of the Established Church that the jealous animosity of Liberation Societies is especially directed. The dignified, enlightened, sincere, and unprejudiced divine will perhaps become obsolete under a perverse voluntary system.

#### A PLEA FOR SECOND CLASS.

IT is announced that the Great Northern Railway Company have followed to some extent the example of the Midland by the abolition of second class on the greater part of their system, the metropolitan and suburban branches being excepted. The reason given is the decrease in the number of first-class passengers—which is not so paradoxical as it may seem. For what the Midland Railway Company does, and what the Great Northern will probably do, is to adopt the old second-class fares for the new first-class accommodation. The success of Mr. ALLPORT's experiment has not been so unequivocal as to lead to any expectation that it would be generally tried. Constant disputes have arisen among Midland directors and shareholders, both before and since Mr. ALLPORT's retirement, as to whether the change had really paid. Sir EDWARD BAINES and other leading men of business have always disapproved of it; and, although it has never been rescinded, its effect upon the traffic receipts has often been questioned. That, however, is a matter which those pecuniarily interested in the Great Northern Railway are doubtless capable of deciding for themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is believed to have the best reasons for seeking to promote the prosperity of the Metropolitan District Company, advised them some years ago to rely upon third-class passengers as the principal source of profit. It is well known that the results of this particular enterprise have not yet answered the expectations of the undertakers, whereas the Midland Railway has at all events not seriously suffered from following Mr. ALLPORT's recommendation. But we protest against this subject being treated as if it involved the pockets of shareholders alone. It is absurd to regard the accommodation of the public on the great highways of the country as a simple question of speculation. We need not point out that, if the promoters of railways had been left to their own resources, no railway could ever have been made. Without the power of compulsory purchase, which it required the intervention of Parliament to create, the Great Northern could never have advanced a mile beyond King's Cross. As the possessors of a highly lucrative monopoly, railway directors are bound to consult the convenience of the travelling public, even at some immediate cost to those whom they

directly represent. This principle has, of course, been recognized in innumerable instances by the Legislature. The very existence of the Railway Commission is a standing illustration of it. Another, and perhaps a more closely parallel example of legislative interference, is the regulation of third-class fares on parliamentary trains at a penny a mile. But we will not waste more words in demonstrating what is a political, if not a logical, truism.

It is probable that the three classes to which most railway travellers are accustomed give reasonable satisfaction to the community and make proper provision for its wants. People who can afford and are willing to pay for comparative seclusion and luxury get it. Those whose one object is cheap transfer also find what they want. On the other hand, the humble and unobtrusive persons who dislike noise, but are not indifferent to expense, naturally subside into what we should have thought was the harmless and necessary second-class carriage. Of course there are those whom no arrangement will content. It is related of an eccentric and semi-monastic clergyman, whose style and title have since his death been usurped by a mischievous mountebank, that he went down from London to visit his brother, a rather pompous nobleman, in the country. To the peer's unaffected horror, he saw his relative step from a third-class carriage. "Why on earth," said he, "do you travel third-class?" "Because," replied the reverend man with a dejected air, "because there is no fourth." We are not so unreasonable as to wish for a fourth. But a threefold cord is not quickly broken, and this the Directors of the Midland Railway tacitly confess by continuing after many years to maintain that they have no second class, whereas the most juvenile arithmetician would tell them that they have in reality no third. They may be leaving themselves a place for repentance, and we firmly trust that that is the excuse for their otherwise ridiculous method of numeration. Some high and mighty people speak disrespectfully of the second class, as frequented by parsons, unprotected females, and gentlemen's gentlemen. These are they who abhor compromise. They pronounce contemptuously that such and such a course of conduct is "neither one thing nor the other," never asking themselves, with that soundest of reasoners, SYDNEY SMITH, why it should be one thing or the other. "If you are poor," they say in effect, "be honest, and go third. If not, be thankful, and go first." There will always be some fugitive and cloistered persons whose minds are impervious to this style of argument, who do not object to the company of parsons, &c., and whose lives are a perpetual compromise with circumstances. Why should they not be considered? After all, however contemptible they may be otherwise, they pay Income-tax. They may be told that, if their fares are not raised, they have nothing to complain of. But this form of consolation shows a total want of sympathy with the pleasure of ostentatious economy, or with a desire to escape from the society of unpleasantly rich people.

#### NAVY AND PUBLIC.

IN the midst of the very conspicuous flurry in the dockyards it is well to try to take stock of what is actually being done. The noise of preparation is so loud, and is heard from so many quarters, that it is not improbable the public may be misled as to the practical result of so much activity. The tasks on which the Admiralty is employed are very various. To dispose of the immediately fruitful one first, the Admiralty is really doing something effectual in securing ocean steamers to be converted into armed ships, and is making fair progress in equipping them. It is a good feature of this part of its activity that some of these vessels have been purchased within the last fortnight on distant stations, and are to be armed there. As a mere economy of time this measure of precaution is to the credit of the Admiralty. The armed ships fitted abroad will be ready for service at once just where they are wanted. Even a severe critic of the department must acknowledge that in this matter it can make out a very good case. Sir E. REED, who is rather more than a severe critic, has asked why the Admiralty refused to build large unarmoured ships some time ago if it is so ready to spend money in buying them ready-made; but he overlooked the obvious answer in his haste. If they can be bought when needed, it would have been a waste of money to build them out of the grant for construction. As long, therefore, as the necessary qualification is remembered—which is that these craft are of only



subordinate use for fighting—there is no reason why the Admiralty should not make the most of the credit due to it for securing them, and for having foreseen and prepared for the measure. When we come, however, to the things needed for immediate fighting, what we see is much less satisfactory. There is a want of ammunition, and frantic measures are being taken to make up the deficiency. There is a suspicious absence of information as to what is being done to get ready a sufficient number of great guns to arm the ironclads now approaching completion. The activity shown in pushing on these vessels is also at best a tardy sign of repentance for past delay. Finally, the Admiralty is not entitled to be proud because it has at last begun to make those additions to the fleet which were promised as far back as last autumn. Five belted cruisers and two ironclads are to be begun by contract at once, and the first are to be finished in twenty-seven months, while the latter will be three years building. There is, it may be observed, no proof that these periods will not be exceeded, and it is known that the Admiralty has refused the offer of a firm which undertook to get them done in a much shorter time. Even if the belted cruisers and ironclads are ready by the dates fixed, it must not be forgotten that the time allowed to build them in is long enough to cover the whole course of a great war. As far, therefore, as the dangers with which we are immediately menaced are concerned, these seven vessels may be considered useless. No steps are being taken as yet to build the great number of torpedo-boats promised or half-promised. This is, however, the most tolerable of the Admiralty's delays. The torpedo-boat may be all its partisans believe; but, as a matter of fact, it has never been tried against a navy which has a body of trained gunners and keeps a smart look-out. Avowedly or tacitly the crews of these vessels will be treated on the footing of those who manned the old fire-ships. Handling them will be terribly dangerous work—every attack will be a species of forlorn hope, and, though men may be found to run the risk occasionally, they will not, as long as human nature remains what it is, be got to do so habitually.

When the results of the Admiralty's recent exertions come to be stated coolly they are certainly not calculated to disarm its critics. Where the department is most busy, it is making up for its own neglect or is only making the real correspond better to the nominal fighting force of the fleet. If war comes on us now, it will at best find us with an insufficient fleet only just properly equipped and with little or no available reserve. This spectacle is not calculated to disarm the business men and politicians who met last week at the Cannon Street Hotel, or the critics who were so feebly answered by Sir THOMAS BRASSEY and Mr. CAINE last Monday night. These two discussions were, in spite of their widely different surroundings, stages of the same debate. In the City men of all parties met to express their opinion that the navy is too weak. In the House of Commons some of the speakers at the City meeting repeated their arguments, and their case was immensely strengthened by the ineptitude of the official apologists who have converted Mr. FORSTER to alarmist views. The meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel was a model of what such things should be. The speakers avoided personalities, were moderate in the use of adjectives, and put all the strength they were masters of into their arguments. Even Sir E. REED contrived almost wholly to avoid the burning question of armoured or unarmoured ends, and insisted on the main consideration—that we have too few ships, good or bad. Mr. FORSTER weakened the effect of an otherwise sensible speech by his astonishing assertion that Lord GRANVILLE has provided for the freedom of our food supply through his judicious despatches on the French claim to treat rice as contraband of war. This cheerful view shows a confidence in the virtue of a despatch which we had not expected from Mr. FORSTER. He might have been trusted to be able to see that our example will be of more weight than our precept, and that a belligerent will lay more stress on our submission to the French claim to treat rice as contraband of war than on Lord GRANVILLE's observations on the theory of belligerent rights. For the rest, it will depend not on us, but on the patience of neutrals, how far corn is to be treated as contraband. The debate on the Estimates was utterly destitute of novelty. Even Mr. GORST's paradoxical attempt to prove that the House of Commons can exercise no control over the Admiralty because the First Lord is a peer failed to enliven it. There were the usual criticism of details and the usual comparisons between

the failures of successive Admiralties. It was proved to demonstration that the navy is weak, and Mr. CAINE made the customary official defence. His speech was a model of its kind, full of the well-worn phrases which will some day be collected into a critical essay in politics, and made too absurd even for subordinate official persons having the honour to be. He deprecated comparisons with foreign navies, which, in other words, means that he objected to the application of the only possible test for finding out how far our fleet is competent to do its work. Mr. CAINE then proceeded to make a series of comparisons himself, and, in obvious ignorance of the fact that he was proving his opponent's point all the time, showed that any one of four or five possible Continental alliances could collect a naval force nearly equal to our own. Of course he insisted much on the consoling fact that if foreign States do no more to strengthen their fleets, we shall be in a position of superiority some years hence. To such criticisms as that the Admiralty seems to have a deliberate preference for slow steamers no reply was made, unless Sir THOMAS BRASSEY's breezy expression of confidence in the resources and vitality of this country be considered to be an answer.

In the course of his speech in the City last week Mr. FORSTER insisted on the necessity of holding similar meetings all over the country. The attitude of the Admiralty in Parliament would be enough if anything was wanted to prove the soundness of his opinion. We have no love for agitations and blatant meetings for the purpose of over-awing the Executive Government. But it is one thing to collect a mob to bellow on subjects they know nothing about, and quite another to ask men of business to meet and discuss what is a matter of vital importance to them and which they thoroughly understand. It will scarcely be maintained by anybody that there is no need to put pressure on the Admiralty. The attitude of that department to the public is one of the most extraordinary ever seen. It has been supposed that the millennium would be at hand if the fighting could be left to the people who make the quarrels, but the Treasury is obviously not of opinion that the people who pay the taxes have a right to get them spent. The Admiralty, which, like other spending departments, is largely a mouthpiece to the Treasury, considers it its first duty to spend as little money as possible. The public, which in this case means the whole trading community, knows how enormous the maritime interests of the country are, and how difficult they would be to defend. Yet it cannot get its wishes for a stronger fleet attended to, and it is perfectly obvious that, in spite of all the agitation and the promises of the last few months, next to nothing would have been done without the help of the pressure of fear of war. The excitement caused by the prospect is itself a sufficient condemnation of the Admiralty, which, at the very moment its representatives are jauntily telling the House of Commons that everything necessary has been done to supply a good fleet, is showing that it has allowed the country to fall into a state of unpreparedness to fight a third-rate naval Power.

#### REDISTRIBUTION.

THE Redistribution Bill may now be considered as carried. It has passed through Committee, and there is no probability that matters of detail will delay it on the report, when important differences on questions of principle failed to stop it in the earlier stages of the discussion. There has, indeed, been very little room for serious debate on the measure at all. A Bill which was drawn up by the chiefs of both parties, and which all sides of the House were nearly equally anxious to get rid of, could hardly be discussed with any degree of zeal. It has accordingly been carried unmodified in any important particular, and what changes it has undergone have been of the nature of editing. The prosperous course of this result of the combined exertions of the Ministry and the chiefs of the Opposition has not been due to the readiness of all men to speak well of it. There has been no want of men on both sides to speak ill of it; but Radical critics have had to submit to the unpleasant necessity of getting no more, and Conservatives have found that they could escape with no less. It will remain as a monument of our approved national method of legislation by compromise; and if some among us feel inclined to complain that the agreement has been made between the contracting parties by surrenders in matters of substance on one side, and by concessions in point of form on the other,

they must remember that it is thus that compromises are commonly made.

The last stage of the Bill's progress has been run in the midst of events of such pressing interest that it has fallen entirely into the shade. A thin Committee has been left to discuss its clauses unnoticed. But, even if it had the field to itself, it is not likely that the public could have been persuaded to watch what has been done to it since the end of March. The Committee has been engaged since some ten days or so before Easter in buckwashing the Bill, which is amusing work enough from a literary point of view, but not attractive to the general newspaper reader. When Sir JOHN LUBBOCK had made his fight for the minority vote and the Conservatives had found that their leaders had not reserved the right to confine the representation of Ireland to fair limits; when the City had been docked of half its members and the ADVOCATE-GENERAL had withdrawn his amendments; and when the representation of the Universities had been saved from a Professor and the Irish Nationalists, the Committee settled down to discuss the question of names. During the last three weeks this has been its main occupation, and on the whole it has been well employed. A public which was swinging every forty-eight hours from a conviction that war with Russia was inevitable to a lively hope that peace would be preserved was not in a proper frame of mind to feel much interested in the question of whether a brand-new constituency was to be called North So-and-so or the North Division of So-and-so. Neither was London, at least, likely to take much interest in the rival claims of small provincial towns to give their name to a new electoral division. But these things are of some importance to the local member, and he has debated them at length. The decisions of the House have not been uniform; but it has generally, when it could, preferred a simple name, and one which has some historic interest, to a complicated arithmetical description. Perhaps it has partly consulted its own convenience; for, as a foreign observer has pointed out, it would be very painful to have to refer to the honourable member for the Western Half of the Northern Division of —.

Just at the close of the Committee's labours the Irish members have had a good deal to say. If it were not sufficiently well known that the only possible reason for the existence of an Irish member is that he should have a great deal to say, there would be some difficulty in understanding the grievances which have been so copiously demonstrated by Messrs. HEALY and SEXTON. It is hard to find out from their arguments exactly how it is that the Ministry, in league with the Orangemen, have succeeded in gerrymandering the constituencies of Armagh and Cavan for the benefit of the Protestants. These things are extremely mysterious at this distance from the scene of the iniquity, and probably that is why the Committee has generally rejected the amendments of the honourable members when they touched a question of boundaries, though it has been very open to persuasion when asked to do anything reasonable touching a change of name. For the rest, Mr. HEALY may console himself for his comparative failure to influence the House by reflecting on a pleasant fact of which he reminded his hearers. It is that, under the new dispensation, the utmost the loyalists in Ireland can hope to do is to carry twenty seats. Mr. HEALY's imagination may delude him with a too gorgeous vision, yet the Bill tends that way. The strange thing is that all men, Conservative and Liberal, are anxious to see it at work, and consequently to get through with the Registration Bills, which must be passed to make the consummation desired by Mr. HEALY possible.

#### THE EXPLOSION AT THE ADMIRALTY.

IN spite of our unpleasant recent experience, the explosion at the Admiralty came as a surprise. There seems to be little reason for doubting that it was the work of some of the same gang which has been engaged in the former outrages, or at least of offenders of similar character. While English agitators are allowed to recommend the adoption of the methods of O'DONOVAN ROSSA with impunity, it is perhaps unfair to take it for granted that all things of this kind must needs be the work of Irish Americans. Without speculating on the nationality of the criminals, it is enough for the present that we have experienced another outrage of the now familiar type; for there

is apparently no ground to attribute the disaster to an accidental explosion, either of gas or of some specimen shell left kicking about in the Admiralty. The carelessness would be credible, but the existence of any such thing is denied. The outrage differs from its predecessors chiefly in the detail that its only victim is a Government official of some standing.

It is natural on the present occasion to attribute the outrage to a more particular motive than the general one of a desire to intimidate the country. The trial which is coming on next month is enough to excite the Irish-American adventurer to exert himself for more reasons than one—always supposing that it is he who has done the work. But it is useless to guess at the criminal for the present. What is more to the point is to note the fact that here we have further proof of the futility of the measures of precaution taken by the police. Within the last four days or so the detective department has been solemnly complimented from the Bench on its zeal, intelligence, &c. &c.; and now its possession of all these fine qualities is shown by the fact that in broad daylight an outrage can be successfully carried out in a closely-watched public office. It may safely be asserted that, if any Londoner of ordinary experience were asked how he would go about attacking the Admiralty, he would answer on the side facing the Horse Guards parade. What he would not think of doing would be to try to bombard it from the courtyard on the Whitehall side. Apparently, however, it is the Whitehall pavement which is watched; while the garden behind is left so little guarded that intending assassins can lurk in it, and there wait for a convenient moment. If the hand grenade or infernal machine was not thrown in at the window, it must have been introduced by some channel which should have been subject to rigid inspection. As the story stands at present, that is its moral. There is something very irritating in being told how the police hurried to the spot when the danger was over, how a body of detectives were immediately stationed round the building, with orders to let nobody pass out unexamined, and so forth. The spectacle of detectives doing ordinary patrol duty after their vigilance—so warmly praised the other day—has just been eluded with signal success and audacity in the highest degree absurd. This complaint against Scotland Yard is made on every successive event of this kind. It has as yet produced no effect; but that is only another reason for repeating it. The present system of detective police organization must be reformed if any good is to be done in the fight with our lurking enemies; and, moreover, we may point out that the reform of Scotland Yard is within our power; and it is more dignified to insist on that than to raise the usual wail over the tolerance shown to Irish-American ruffians in New York, or comment with a shudder on the astounding fact that villains are villains.

#### PEACE OR WAR?

NOTHING has occurred during the present week to justify the belief that the Government are less willing to buy peace, or rather truce, of Russia at all but the heaviest cost in humiliation and disaster than they were a week ago. But a good deal has happened to confirm the impression that they will not be permitted to purchase it even on those terms. It now seems more probable than ever that Russia will be content with nothing short of that price which perhaps—we are unable to put it higher than a possibility—even HER MAJESTY'S Ministers will hesitate to pay. The issue of peace or war—of a dishonourable peace or a just and necessary war—appears to us to turn almost wholly upon the consideration to which we have just referred. If Russia should for any reason refrain from applying the last turn of the screw, we see no ground whatever for doubting that she might get off with all, or nearly all, her ill-gotten territorial gains, and quietly make her preparations for renewing the attack at her own good time. That this amount of success is already as good as assured to her appears to us to be almost matter of necessary inference from the fact that HER MAJESTY'S Government is still negotiating with her. If Ministers had made up their minds to dislodge Russia from her present positions—nay, if they had even conceived hopes of success in such an attempt—they would have assumed an entirely different attitude before this. For they have now got material enough and to spare for an ultimatum, and a clearer *casus belli* than would arise upon its rejection has rarely presented itself in an international dispute. Sir



PETER LUMSDEN's telegram, which was given to the public last Wednesday, contains absolutely all that any English Government could require to justify a peremptory demand upon Russia for retirement and amends. It has been called a confirmation of General KOMAROFF's despatch; and the assertion, in one sense too cynically shameless to deserve notice, is in another sense strictly true. Those who read that astonishing document without the still more astonishing gloss of its English commentator will perfectly well remember that it started with the admission of an advance on the part of the Russian troops; and inasmuch as any Afghan movement, provocative or otherwise, was simply consequential upon this advance, there was really no need from the first to go any further into the case. Sir PETER LUMSDEN's last telegram, however, with its "confirmatory" refutation of all the Russian commander's statements point by point, is especially valuable as disposing of the story (invented, to do the General justice, not by himself, but by his English representative) that the Afghans gratuitously crossed the Khushk, and were found by the Russians on a spot at which they had no right to be under the agreement of March 17. The British Commissioner's account of the matter, in fact, completes the proof that the troops of the AMEER were within their proper lines when the engagement of March 30 took place, while the troops of the CZAR were beyond theirs; and no Government who intended to maintain its negotiated position, to vindicate the faith of agreements, and to fulfil its obligations to an ally, would have had any doubt how to act upon this. The fact that our Government have hitherto taken no definite action at all is tantamount to proof that they are prepared, so far as the Puli-khisti affair is concerned, to abandon position, agreement, and allies altogether.

We take it, then, to be tolerably certain that, if Russia were content to push her pretensions no further than to the acquisition of Penj-deh and the Zulfikar Pass, they would find Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues willing enough to arrange matters with them on the basis of a surrender. Gossip, it is true, has it that Ministers, though willing to cede Penj-deh, are holding out for the reservation of Zulfikar to Afghanistan; but let those believe who can that, after giving way as they appear to have done on the former point, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers will remain inflexible on the latter. Russia and Russian generals, we are afraid, will find themselves quite unable to believe it. We regard it as to the last degree improbable that Russia will voluntarily withdraw her troops from any positions which they now occupy; the only question is whether they will press forward yet further, and whether, in doing so, they will overstep the limit—if there be a limit—of Mr. GLADSTONE's forbearance. On that point we pretend to no peculiar or exclusive knowledge; we can only view the situation in the light of general experience, and attempt to read, as best we may, its specific day-to-day facts. But looking at these we find much, as we said at the outset, to fortify the expectation that Mr. GLADSTONE's forbearance will, in fact, be tried to the utmost. There is first the strong probability that Russia will, according to her hitherto unvarying practice, pursue her experiments on her distinguished victim to the last point of profit; that having dared so much successfully, she will be powerfully impelled to dare more; and that, as an unexampled combination of favouring chances has given her a unique opportunity of possessing herself of Herat, she may only too probably be willing to risk the war which would perhaps, but not, she may well think, certainly, be provoked by its seizure. These are the general considerations which appear to govern the question. The specific facts leading in the same direction are, in the first place, the uninterrupted military preparations of Russia; and, secondly, the publication, in a German newspaper, of the despatch (assuming it to be genuine) addressed to the Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's by M. DE GIERS with reference to the Penj-deh incident. In reply to a question addressed to him on this subject by Baron DE WORMS, Mr. GLADSTONE protested entire ignorance of the purport of a document which had already appeared in half a dozen newspapers; and it is, of course, just possible that it may never have been communicated to the British Government at all. But assuming it to be a substantially accurate version of M. DE GIERS's answer to our demand for "explanations," it is a very ominous document indeed. If it be really the fact that M. DE GIERS is now harking back to the appointment of the Boundary Commission, and declaring that the cause of the collision on the Khushk was

to be sought in "the military character which the English Government thought fit to give to that Commission," we should be disposed to augur the worst as to his intention to push matters to extremities. Complaints made at this time of day of the size and equipment of Sir PETER LUMSDEN's escort, recitals of the "friendly remonstrances" addressed to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg on the subject and their futility, and their suggestion that "In the appearance of their military uniform the Afghans would behold a promise to support them, as it was also a spur to their rapacity"—such signs as these are susceptible of but one interpretation. "If it was not you, it was your father." It is the language of the wolf when he is getting impatient of having his various pretexts parried one after another, and desires to make the intended object of his attack understand that, right or wrong, he means to pick a quarrel. A really pacific Power, with no designs upon its neighbour's territory, would have seen in the "agitating" effect of Sir PETER LUMSDEN's mission a reason for sending its own Commissioner to join him as soon as might be, and, by completing the work of delimitation with all speed, to rid Afghanistan as soon as possible of the disturber of its tranquillity. It is, at any rate, a singular way of counteracting the effects of this "military mission" to push on the Russian forces more rapidly than ever, and to bring them at the earliest moment within striking distance of the excited Afghans.

Yet, in face of all these indications that Russia intends to persevere in the plan of elbowing and hustling him from point to point, the PRIME MINISTER still steadfastly declines to indicate any point at which he will be prepared to make a stand; and he declines to do so even within a day or two of making a demand upon the English taxpayer for eleven millions sterling, of which considerably more than half is for expenses ostensibly incurred for the very purpose of effectively resisting the elbowing and hustling process aforesaid. Mr. GLADSTONE does not think it "would convey valuable information" to lay Sir PETER LUMSDEN's earlier telegrams on the table. He does not see his way to state, in answer to a request from Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, "the exact point in issue between HER MAJESTY'S Government and the Government of Russia." They are engaged, he added, though we supposed it to be generally known, "in a correspondence of extreme gravity, and to make a complete statement of its nature and particulars would be impossible; while no partial statement could be given without great risk of misapprehension." And, in short, Mr. GLADSTONE, after having yielded point after point to Russia, now proposes to ask the House to vote him six and a half millions to pay, so to speak, for the fortification of the abandoned points, and at the same time refuses them the slightest indication of what, if any, points are to be maintained. The PRIME MINISTER expressed an opinion that "in a case of such extreme importance, involving the national interest and dignity," the disposition of the House, as well as of the Government, would be, not to postpone the matter, but to proceed at once with its discussion. This might well be cited as a reason for taking the precisely opposite course. It is just because the "national interest and dignity" are concerned in the matter for which this money vote is being asked that the House of Commons, after all that has come and gone, and seeing that the Government have already reversed all original presumptions in their favour, is now bound to exact some securities from them that the national interest will be adequately safeguarded and the national dignity duly upheld.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

IT seems strange that the noisiest city of Europe should have invented a complete language of signs. The greatest lover of the Neapolitans cannot call them a quiet people. The cries of the town are as loud as they are discordant; the very dialect seems to have been created for the express purpose of enabling the itinerant vendors to inflict the greatest possible torture on the ears of the nervous. At least, if this is not the case, it is a wonderful example of spontaneous adaptation. The shrieks and howls which denote fresh vegetables, oranges, boiled shellfish, and roasted chestnuts are varied, it is true, but equally unendurable. When they pause, the barrel-organ whose internal apparatus is entirely out of order, or the street singer who bawls in harsh tones a song imperfectly remembered from the latest comic opera, is always at hand. From five in the morning till noon the church bells, which

are beaten, not rung, fill the intervals with a clangour even more intolerable. The very peasant bringing his fruit to market soothes his solitude by droning a monotonous tune as he passes down the country lanes and shouting it as soon as he enters the Grotto. Naples is not a quiet city.

Nor are the people taciturn. In shop and market-place, at their own doors and in the villa, in coffee-room, omnibus, and railway-carriage they are always ready to have a chat with any one who turns up; it is even said that they will talk to themselves when they can find no other listener. Their tongues are the most active part about them, and they consider the hour lost during which they are silent. Yet Naples is the only town known to us in which, if you are acquainted with the recognized language of signs, you can buy and sell, impart and receive useful information of various kinds, make love, and challenge your enemy to the death without opening your lips. Why this is so is a difficult question. Some have supposed that these gestures were once a secret speech, which the lazzaroni used in order to shield themselves from the oppression of their social superiors, and which they still employ to inform each other of the weaknesses of their foreign patrons. This theory may be correct; but sometimes one is inclined to think that the motive that prompted the invention and gave it currency was less heroic and more practical. May not the Neapolitans have adopted it because it enabled them to hold two conversations at the same time, and thus to indulge in a double loquacity?

We have spoken of the language as an invention; in this perhaps we were wrong—it may be a survival. Some time during the first half of the present century a learned Neapolitan wrote a book to prove that the gestures of the figures depicted on Etruscan vases are to all intents and purposes the same as those that are still daily employed in the streets of his native city. It is long since we have seen the charming little volume, its very name and that of its author are forgotten by us; but even if it lay on the desk we should hesitate to decide a question which demands so much knowledge and acumen and such a delicacy of taste. The very suggestion, however, lifts the subject out of the region of triviality to which it at first seems to belong. We may believe in progress; but who can deny that an ancient Etruscan possesses a dignity to which no modern man can aspire? It is impossible to call his respectability into question, and if we were only convinced that the beggar at the street corner was in fact the heir of his looks and gestures, we should regard the ragged figure with something approaching a personal esteem. One cannot be too careful in choosing one's parents, as the old Berlin farce says, and an ancient Etruscan would appear to most of us an unusually eligible ancestor. Whether these strange signs are a relic of ancient lore or only a modern trick, it is certain that no foreigner and very few Neapolitans of education have ever gained a mastery over them. A few of the simplest are known to every one who has lived a year or two in the town, and may be seen even in the drawing-rooms; but how your cabman manages to inform his friend that you have come from the railway station, are going to private lodgings in a certain district of the city, that you know its customs, and he considers you rather a screw, is a mystery that none but cabmen ever know. That he does so you will soon perceive if you keep your eyes open; and if, on the contrary, he reports that it is your first visit to Naples and you are lavish in cab fares, the fact will be announced in every street through which you pass, and you will find your travelling expenses rise accordingly. To the foreigner the cabmen seem the chief guardians of the Etruscan mystery; but the boatmen are equally cognizant of it, and probably all the lazzaroni are initiated. Whether each trade has a language of its own or all use the same gestures is a question we cannot even attempt to answer.

There are some simple signs, however, which every one in the city uses, and if the traveller can learn and use them naturally he will escape from many of the inconveniences of life in Southern Italy. The man who says "No," or, still worse, who shakes his head at those who are importunate either for his alms or his custom, has delivered himself over into the hands of the tormentors. They know by experience that foreigners may be driven by loud cries and persistent following to such desperation that quiet seems cheap at almost any price. You have made up your mind to walk from the station to the hotel at Salerno, and think you will enjoy the walk; but you find, on trial, that it is rather hard to execute it with dignity and ease, when you are followed by, say, fourteen carriages and numerous saddled donkeys. If you pause, the procession pauses; if you turn aside, it respectfully waits your return. In the by-streets children and old women take up the part that the horses and donkeys are no longer able to perform, and, on the whole, you do not find them less disagreeable animals. At last you throw yourself into one of the carriages in the mere hope of getting rid of the rest. If you have been particularly obstinate it is not unlikely that your surrender may be greeted by an ironical cheer from all the spectators except your own coachman, who "treats you gently as if he loved you," seeing you are his natural prey for the next few days.

Now, all this discomfort may be avoided in a very simple way. You have, first of all, to make yourself acquainted with the plan of the town, and to walk out of the station without any hesitation. If you go wrong it does not much matter; you can soon find your way again, or if not, you can buy a trifle at some shop, where they will set you right. When the cabmen scream at you, as they do at every one, do not look at them, but raise your chin slightly. That means "No," and it will generally quiet them. If they

persist, shrug your shoulders, pout your lips, and elevate your chin more suddenly and distinctly, with a side glance at them, while you continue your walk. That means "Don't trouble me." If it should prove ineffectual, which it rarely does, summon as much ferocity as you can easily command at a short notice into your face, turn sharply on your persecutor, fix your eyes on his, and draw your right hand, with the back uppermost, gently but firmly from your throat to your chin, in such a way as to push out your beard, if you are fortunate enough to possess one. What this gesture means we cannot say; it is best not to inquire. To judge from its effect on the lazzaroni, it is tantamount to very bad language indeed; so that he who employs it innocently may have all the satisfaction, without incurring any of the guilt, of those noble soldiers of ours who once fought in Flanders. But the gestures must be performed simply, easily, almost mechanically, or the cabmen will discover that you are only a fraud, and act accordingly.

To return to Naples, no inhabitant of the town ever thinks of paying a cabman his legal fare. Every one feels it would be unjust to compel him to drive from one end of the city to the other for the eightpence he has a right to claim, and on such occasions every one gives him something extra. But for short drives the eightpence is too much. On summer afternoons a walk through the streets is almost intolerable. You have been to see the Museum or the Aquarium, let us say; the walk from either to the neighbourhood of San Carlo, where the great coffee-houses are, is short; but, if you go on foot, you know you will be exhausted before you reach your destination. As soon as you appear on the public way half a dozen cabmen offer their services. You choose the cab you like, say "San Carlo," place the first finger of your left hand across the second joint of the first finger of your right, and walk on. You have offered the driver half a lire. He shrugs his shoulders, and sits firmly on his box; do not turn your head; in half a minute he will be rattling along the road beside you. "But also a gratuity for me, sir." The only notice you take is slightly to elevate your chin, without honouring him even with a side glance. Seeing you are an adept, he cries at once, "Come in, sir, come in." If you do so, you will have no quarrel with him at parting. All but the very worst Neapolitans will adhere to the agreement they have once made; but your cabman will think none the worse of you if you give him two soldi—one penny—at parting. This gratuity is not unusual, and does not, if a bargain has been made, denote extravagance.

In dealing with the lazzaroni, even if the tongue is employed, it is wise to use the fingers as well. Every finger denotes a lire; the first joint of the fore-finger when crossed represents the quarter, the second the half of that coin; the whole of the right hand extended means five, both hands ten; but it is best for the foreigner to use only one hand at such times, and keep the other firmly clasped, if possible, in some pocket, or mistakes may arise. To fold your hand means to repeat the sum. Thus, if you wish to offer a boatman twelve lire for an excursion, you extend your whole hand with the palm towards him, then close it, then open it again, and finally keep it clasped with only two fingers extended.

These are simple and obvious devices, but there are others that are at least as useful and less easily explicable. Thus, when a foreigner is intent on purchasing corals, pearls, photographs, or walking-sticks, and thinks he is being over-reached, he can hardly do better than gaze at the dealer with the most placid of smiles, insert the two first fingers of his right hand between his neck and the shirt collar, and then ask with an easy laugh what the prices really are. The more respectable the seller is the more pronounced the gesture must be. This sign signifies almost everything, from "Do you take me to be a fool?" to "I don't quite believe that story." When skilfully used it often leads to a great reduction of prices.

Of the signs by which vendetta may be declared we have spoken in an earlier article; but there is another declaration that is at least as important for which the silent language has also provided. In loitering through Italian towns nothing strikes the youthful stranger more than the extraordinary grace and beauty of the women, and he naturally desires to express his gratitude to those who have lent a new loveliness to life. In the North this is easy enough. "How beautiful she is!" echoes wherever small feet fall lightly on the pavement of any city from Venice to Florence, and now even to Rome. Dainty little ears hear the words not unkindly, and soft sweet voices will sometimes argue not quite kindly as to whom they were intended for. But in Naples we must be silent and discreet. The noblemen have revolvers and the lazzaroni long knives hidden away somewhere out of sight of the police, but yet within easy reach. Let the young man be careful, and if he must give vent to an admiration too passionate to be silenced, let him draw his right hand down his face from the cheek-bones to the chin. That means "O how lovely she is!" and the slower the movement is, so long as it is clearly perceptible, the more deep and lasting is the impression supposed to be indicated. Every woman, be she peeress or peasant, understands this sign, and will go home the happier for having seen it. Whether it was of yore a symbol of worship for the old Etruscans we cannot tell. It is certainly one of the most sincere forms of adoration that modern Naples knows.



## "IN" AND "OUT OF" AFGHANISTAN.

SEVERAL statements of much interest and importance have been made this week by various persons on various subjects. Mr. Gladstone's Eleven Millions statement was certainly such; such also Sir Peter Lumsden's criticism of General Komaroff's exercise in the art of fiction; such also (not for its intrinsic novelty, but for other reasons) the assertion by Mr. Thorold Rogers, M.P., that the House of Commons is "an assembly of gentlemen." But with none of these do we purpose at present to busy ourselves. The statements which concern us here are two remarkable letters or communications (or whatever is the proper word for a newspaper article with the writer's name at the head instead of the foot) which Mr. Slagg, M.P., and Mr. Archibald Forbes contributed, under the titles respectively of "In Afghanistan" and "Out of Afghanistan," to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday and Wednesday. These letters are odd in some of their own statements; they are odder as exhibiting the curious foginess as to the Afghan question which we believe prevails very largely in the public mind, and which is exemplified constantly in the newspaper press. We are not so foolish as to suppose that the repeated statements of that press—to the effect that the present friendship of the Ameer is the best justification of Mr. Gladstone's Afghan policy, that the war of six years ago was the cause of our troubles in Afghanistan, and the like—are always made with conscious dishonesty. They spring no doubt largely from the mere ignorance which regards Afghanistan as, let us say, an Indian Netherlands, and supposes that the strategic-frontier enterprise was very much as though France were to insist in spite of the Netherlandish teeth in seizing and holding Antwerp, Maastricht, and other towns herself, instead of encouraging their possessors to resist encroachments from the other side on her own behalf. Even in papers which, from party or other causes, are free from these gross blunders, the exact position which Afghanistan occupies as a buffer seems to be entirely misunderstood. There are exceptions of course (we may instance an intelligent though unnecessarily desponding article in the *St. James's Gazette* on Thursday, the writer of which evidently knew what he was writing about), but they are exceptions.

Mr. Slagg, who is member for Manchester, and is undoubtedly taking an interest in Indian matters not for the first time, gives a dark summary of what he regards as the upshot of the alternation in days past between the forward and the backward policy in Afghanistan. He does not like either, but the point of view, or rather of blindness, at which he stands may be understood from the following extraordinary sentence. After giving a not very accurate summary of the last war, and omitting to notice at all Mr. Gladstone's change of the policy of his predecessor, he says, "Thus the Forward Policy has resulted in unmitigated failure." The forward policy! the retirement from Candahar, the stoppage of the railway, the abandonment of the passes and the outposts a forward policy? We can only suppose that Mr. Slagg would sum up his account of a fire at which in the middle the engines had been withdrawn, the plugs stopped up, all the buckets carefully sent away, and every effort to stop the fire prohibited, "Thus the policy of fire extinction by means of water proved an unmitigated failure." Yet Mr. Slagg, though he abuses the Forward school, and, true to provincial instincts, upbraids the "bellicose London press," admits that, even if the present crisis is conjured away, the conditions will remain and constitute a source of danger, and that the reduction of Afghanistan to a British province is likely to be forced on us. This conclusion, which even some forward members of the forward school would a little hesitate at endorsing, did much provoke Mr. Archibald Forbes. Mr. Forbes, in a style of controversy which we do not greatly admire, though he attributes it himself to "diffidence," begins by remarking that he is "not a Manchester man," and by affirming that he "could find his way about the Khyber after dark." The implied argument in this latter assertion we take the liberty of disallowing in Mr. Forbes's own interest; for he would not, we think, be able to find his way after dark in the Zulfikar Pass, and yet we do not refuse him the parole on North-Western any more than on North-Eastern Afghanistan. However, Mr. Forbes's contention, thus introduced, amounts to a fervid defence of the backward school, and a cry of horror at the admission which Mr. Slagg had made that, if the other policy "had been carried out in its entirety, there would have been no danger of war with Russia." For this Mr. Slagg had admitted, though he had coupled it with something like a sneer at Indian officers, and had, as we have seen, made the astounding statement that this policy had been tried and failed the other day, when, in fact, it had been reversed.

We have no personal quarrel either with Mr. Slagg or with Mr. Forbes, with the unlucky Manchester man or with the intelligent Correspondent who can find his way (with leave of the Afreedis, we venture to add) about the Khyber after dark. They have been mentioned chiefly as showing the muddledment which may be supposed to exist in ordinary minds when an experienced newspaper Correspondent and a practised man of business express such views. For the choice is not really between annexing Afghanistan, as Mr. Slagg reluctantly thinks we may have to do, and refusing to busy ourselves with Afghanistan and sticking like

grim death to the Khyber and the Kurum, the Gomul and the Khojak, as Mr. Forbes would have us do. Nor is it a choice between these two things and the ghastly humbug of a strong, united, and friendly Afghanistan, which is not strong enough to defend itself nor friendly enough to let us through to defend it. As long as Russia was distant from the frontiers of the country it was undoubtedly best to let it alone. When she came within measurable distance of it by the practical annexation of Khiva and by establishing a hold on the south-eastern shore of the Caspian, there were, besides the three courses above mentioned (all of which we think thoroughly bad courses), two others, either of which might have been a very good course. The first was to oppose definitely—working on Persia, not Afghanistan—the absorption of the Yomud and Tekke Turcomans; to oppose it, if necessary, to the extent of backing them up by force. That would have been the policy of a bolder and wiser day; but all the philanthropic societies would of course have had a fit at it. The other policy was that which not too adroitly and, thanks to faction at home, quite incompletely was tried by Lord Beaconsfield's Government. It would have consisted, if it had been completely and intelligently carried out, in holding all the four passes and Candahar as an outpost or *faubourg* in front of them with railway communication; in handing over Herat to Persia, and supporting that Power frankly and firmly in holding it, and in allowing Central Afghanistan to go its own ways as it liked; for there is no real unity in the country, and the absence of means of communication, as well as of national feeling, makes it equally dangerous to hold as a subject possession, and difficult to use as an ally. But, on the other hand, to allow, as Mr. Forbes would apparently allow, Russia to absorb Herat after Sarakhs, Candahar after Herat, Balkh after Maimene, and Cabul after Balkh, would simply be to throw additional power into Russia's hands. For it does not in the least follow that, because we cannot hold Afghanistan, Russia cannot. Her methods of proceeding are quite different from ours. If, as Mr. Forbes suggests, Cavagnari's name had been Abramoff, what would Russia have done? She would probably have massacred every other man, woman and child in Cabul after the Circassian and Geok Tepe precedents to begin with, and to encourage the rest, and then she would have enlisted half or all the remaining fighting men under commanders of the Alikhanoff type for irregular service against India. Mr. Forbes may be able to find his way about after dark in the Khyber, but he certainly does not know his way by daylight or lamplight about Russian history if he disputes the possibility of this. The men of the Caucasus had once the reputation of being as untamable highlanders as the men of the Safed Koh and the Sufeid Koh. The Tekkes of Akhal and Merv were quite as well off for testimonials of "indomitable inherent Ishmaelism" as the Ghilzais and the Hazaras. "Where is the King of Hamath and the King of Arpad" now? For our parts, we believe the Afghans to be nearly indomitable by any means which Englishmen care to use or are qualified to use, but we do not believe them to be any more indomitable by the means (good as well as bad) which Russia uses than half the other races that now acknowledge allegiance to the Czar. The question, therefore, is, Shall we let them be absorbed, or shall we not? The carrying out (it is now too late to carry it out thoroughly except after a victorious war, but it would have been, if not easy, quite feasible a little time ago) of the plan above indicated would retain them as buffers (as *chevaux de frise*, if Mr. Forbes likes the word better), would not have interfered with their feelings (for Herat was anciently Persian, and Candahar lost English rule with regret), and would enable us not merely to make head against Russian advances, but to take them in flank. It may be said that it is useless to speak of it now because it is practically too late. To this we reply, Nothing is ever too late, *dum spiramus*; and the breath is not quite out of England's body yet. We may not be able to reach Herat in time to hold it out for the Ameer, and for the moment the better plan of restoring it to Persia is impossible. But we can repair the fatal error of abandoning Candahar and disconnecting it—or, rather, not completing its connexion—with India; we can better Mr. Forbes's plan of resistance by merely waiting like badgers to be drawn, and we can better Mr. Slagg's plan of wasting troops on an attempt to hold or annex a scattered, mountainous, turbulent, and not homogeneous country by garrisons at Cabul and Balkh and Ghuznee. That there must be fighting sooner or later for Herat is certain; for, whosoever has Herat, having already the Northern Attock, will have Khorassan before long, and he who coming from the North has Khorassan will not be long in getting to the Persian Gulf. But it is at least questionable whether, after the shilly-shallying of the last few years and the strange blindness of men of the Duke of Argyll's school, it is at the moment possible to make Herat good. It is certainly possible to make Candahar good, and, by so making it, the position both for defence and for that offence which is nearly as necessary will be tolerably effective. The thing which is, perhaps, most wonderful in the whole matter is the position of those Ministerialists who assert loudly that Russia shall not have Herat, and who still maintain the excellence of the conduct which four years ago made it practically impossible for us to prevent Russia having Herat whenever she chose. The next most wonderful people are the people who, like Mr. Forbes, imagine that Russia will, if we do not interfere, have any difficulty in absorbing Afghanistan. And not much behind them are the people who, like Mr. Slagg, talk of our

having to make Afghanistan a British province whether we like it or not, and whether a war be now avoided or not, when the question is whether Afghanistan is to be a Russian province, or whether we choose to fight to prevent it.

#### NADESCHDA.

MR. GORING THOMAS'S place is henceforth in the front rank of living musicians. His *Esmeralda* formed a stepping-stone; *Nadeschda* raises him higher and secures his position. When success is won as rapidly as it has been by Mr. Goring Thomas, there is usually on one hand a tendency to undue praise, and on the other to depreciation; the just mean is rarely hit. We must not place the composer of *Nadeschda* on a level with the composer of *Faust*—of the most popular *Faust* that is—but a lower place than one by the side of the author of *Mireille* should not be awarded to the young English musician. *Nadeschda* is not marked by the inspiration which stamps Boito's *Mefistofele*; but all that can be said in favour of M. Massenet of French masters and of Signor Ponchielli of Italians, can certainly be claimed on behalf of Mr. Goring Thomas. Amongst his English brethren he is distinguished because his aim is higher than that which has animated composers of successful English operas. The writing of beautiful ballads is a rare gift, and we do not mean for a moment to disparage the melodies of Balfe, Vincent Wallace, and their compeers. Sir Arthur Sullivan, as a melodist, is equal to the best, but though his powers are obvious he has never been called on to set, at least amateurs have never heard his setting of, a serious story. It has always been a matter of regret with us that Sterndale Bennett wrote no opera. But with the keenest appreciation of that melody which some modern writers of opera affect to despise, because, as it is suspected, they cannot produce it, the admission must be made that the scheme of *Nadeschda* is infinitely more artistic and complete than were the schemes of the operas written by Balfe and Wallace. Their best works were broad and effective sketches in outline; Mr. Goring Thomas strives to paint a harmoniously coloured picture. Their design was to write so many ballads, with an occasional duet or trio, and a chorus, which was only a rough suggestion of what is now understood as a *finale*, to employ the technical term, at the end of an act. Of orchestral colour there was little more than that a soldierlike song was introduced and accompanied by brass, and airs of a tender nature by quiet orchestration. The art of giving character to the music of each personage was not even understood to be desirable; if they all sang tunelessly, with some broad regard for the situation, that was enough. It will be seen that the writing of opera at the present day, when it is felt to be essential that music must interpret character and incident, is a very much more delicate and difficult task than was the composition of the ballad opera. Before those points which are now considered essential were formulated their necessity was perceived by the great masters. In *Fidelio* we note in the orchestra the knocking at the prison doors; in *Don Giovanni* the approaching tramp of the murdered Commander is heard in the music. Justice has not yet been done to Gluck for pointing the way which Wagner travelled, with deviations, however, into dense and impenetrable thickets.

We must, however, return to *Nadeschda* and see how far that work satisfies requirements. Mr. Goring Thomas has, in the first place, been extremely fortunate in his author. The story of Runeberg, upon which *Nadeschda* is founded, is admirably suited to musical illustration. It is to the advantage of the plot that the characters should be so few. As most people are by this time aware, there are but five personages in the story. *Nadeschda*, the Russian peasant girl; the two brothers, Voldemar the worthy and Ivan the base; their mother the Princess Natalia, and the serf Ostap, who loves *Nadeschda*, as do the two Princes according to their natures. The skill displayed by Mr. Julian Sturgis in making four powerful acts out of the legend he has borrowed is to be warmly commended. Put very briefly, the plot shows how Voldemar comes to his estate and loves the serf *Nadeschda*, who recognizes in him the lover of her happy day-dreams. Voldemar has promised his brother any gift he asks; Ivan claims *Nadeschda*, whom thereupon Voldemar frees, so that it may be out of his power to give her at the time when he has said he would grant any request. Ivan's furious insolence causes Voldemar to dismiss him from the castle. Ivan seeks the Princess's aid, and she, in bitter wrath at the thought of her son marrying *Nadeschda*, as he vows he will do, produces a decree of banishment signed by the Empress, but with a blank where the name of the victim may be written. This, she declares, she will fill in with the name of her son Voldemar unless *Nadeschda* resigns her hopes; and the girl nobly begs that her lover may be spared, and she herself banished. Meantime Ivan has striven to abduct *Nadeschda*; Ostap has interfered and stabbed Ivan, who dies, imploring pardon from his brother and the girl he would have wronged. This story is told with an amount of literary taste and feeling that are comparatively new to opera. Except Mr. Gilbert & Beckett's book of *The Canterbury Pilgrims* nothing approaching the book of *Nadeschda* has been provided for the composer of any opera that has been heard in London. In his effort after commendable simplicity Mr. Julian Sturgis at times becomes commonplace, as when he makes Ivan say, "*Nadeschda* hated me, And I, who did not like her hatred, I brought her here to smite her." Inflated language is to

be strenuously avoided; but something stronger than "did not like her hatred" is necessary. Such weaknesses are rare. For the most part the book is good in itself, and has the special merit of suitability to musical treatment.

The short prelude is curiously attractive. An *allegro energico* burst for full orchestra subsides, and the clarionet first gives out a pathetic phrase, of which some use is subsequently made, though this idea of the *Leitmotiv* is far from being overdone; when *Nadeschda* first enters we expect it—that it has reference to her is at once clear—and it does not come. The oboe and strings then lead into a very beautiful song which *Nadeschda* sings in the second act; and presently the oboe, unaccompanied, gives out again the *Nadeschda* *Motiv*, but this time altered, so that the sweetness has about it the expression of sadness. Simple in itself as the phrase is, it is rich in significance. Harp, violins, and wood-wind repeat *Nadeschda*'s song ("As when the snowdrift"), and, with a passage for tremolo violins, the prelude, which has begun in G minor, ends in the major key. The opening chorus, sung by peasants, the serfs of Voldemar, in a fruitful summer landscape, is remarkable for its air of joyousness; and *Nadeschda*'s song to the river, which in its flowing murmurs to her a message of love, is singularly fanciful. Fragments of reflective melody for voice and orchestra are interwoven. At times the strings, a bar behind the voice, echo her. The song is sung as *Nadeschda* stands on a rustic bridge, looking down into the stream; the whole episode is romantic and impressive. Voldemar and Ivan have entered, and seen the girl. In the second act, which takes place in the castle prepared for the reception that is to welcome Voldemar, he and *Nadeschda* again meet, and a very graceful scene takes place between them. The simplicity of the girl's utterance, the growing tenderness of Voldemar, are expressed, and in what follows Mr. Goring Thomas's researches into such Russian music as is attainable bear fruit. The rhythm of the somewhat uncouth Northern strains is caught, and the orchestra responds. Russia has very little music that can be called "national," but old ballads exist, and these the composer has evidently studied. The legend of Ozer Peter, sung by the peasants as they march round the hall, is purely characteristic, and the ballet is altogether charming. The wife's rejection of silver sleeve and gold ring proffered by her husband, and her submission to the silken whip, are described in words and pantomime. A dance in three-four time follows, and then comes the game of hunting the golden ring, which is passed round the circle of girls, while the principal dancer seeks to overtake it. Here, too, voices—"Guess, oh maiden, guess, oh pretty one"—accompany the action. The air is in two-four time, and moves chiefly in triplets. The ballet is full of delightful passages, and the melody singularly fresh, as well as graceful. Are we doing Mr. Goring Thomas injustice in hinting a wonder whether the "Guess, oh maiden" passage has any resemblance to *Esmeralda*? A reminiscence of this work seems to be awakened, but we have not the score within reach, and may be wrong. *Nadeschda*'s succeeding song, "As when the snowdrift," will do a great deal towards popularizing the opera. The rich and flowing melody is varied in its repetition, the manner in which the orchestra closes passages in it is very pleasing. To the end the interest, musical and dramatic, is admirably sustained. There is vigour in the drinking song in which Ivan, who has demanded *Nadeschda* as his gift, fiercely derides his brother, who by freeing the girl evades his promise. As a rule, an act ends with much clamour, made by characters who lean over the footlights with arms outspread; in contrast to which is the effective ending of the act by a prayer, "The bright day ends in woe," sung by the serfs who have seen Ivan driven from the hall after he has drawn his sword on his elder brother.

There are fine passages in the love duet of the third act, but here the effects strike us as being built up not without labour. The *crescendos* would scarcely have been written had not the device been a favourite one of Herr Wagner. The duet is striking, only it does not seem to have the spontaneity which is so manifest in the earlier parts of the opera. For the rest we do not recognize great dramatic power in the final scenes, but dramatic propriety is always observed. There is invariably meaning in the music. It is, however, rather in the expression of tenderness than of passion that Mr. Goring Thomas is at his best. Though there will doubtless be many *Nadeschdas* in time to come, it will be hard to find a superior to Mme. Valleria. Mr. Carl Rosa has in every way done justice to the work entrusted to him, and among the most judicious of his steps is the securing of this excellent artist for the character of the heroine. It will have been seen what the part demands. Mme. Valleria falls nowhere short. The visionary grace she imparts to the River Song is one of many most meritorious points. Mr. McGuckin, too, does extremely well. He has ceased to behave like the ordinary operatic tenor—that is to say, like a badly constructed automaton. He always sang with taste, and here he finds much music of a sort dear to the heart of the tenor, including a song, "Now is the hour of soft enchantment," which will become popular. Neither prima donna nor tenor is always audible in the words. In this respect Mr. Leslie Crotty as Ivan and Miss Josephine Yorke as the Princess do better. Mr. Crotty is in all ways an excellent Ivan. Mr. Randegger conducted. If he does not always scrupulously observe the directions of the score, it may perhaps be assumed that his variations have the composer's approval. The choristers sang very creditably. The choruses are not easy, and will doubtless be given with greater precision on



future occasions. To have in the brief repertory of English opera so excellent a work as *Nadeshda* is much. It is more that the composer should be a young musician still at the outset of his career, inspired with the confidence which success engenders.

#### THE SUPPLY OF HEAVY GUNS.

A GOVERNMENT department could not approach more nearly to a confession of fallibility than by appointing a Committee to report on something it has done. It is understood naturally that the Committee shall carefully abstain from blaming the department or anybody in it, and shall treat its performances as if they were natural phenomena which man must humbly accept. The country may congratulate itself that the War Office has been led to admit the advisability of an investigation into the value of the new pattern of guns which Woolwich is now turning out in its leisurely fashion. These guns are not prepossessing objects to the eye of the practical engineer. A distinguished naval officer, seeing them mounted in a ship under his command, vowed with much emphasis that they should not be fired while he was on board. They are long and slim, and taper to a tulip mouth, and they weigh several tons less than French guns of corresponding calibre. They may possess the unquestionable superiority of being decorative; but unfortunately they also possess the trifling defect of being structurally so weak that no one has had the audacity to test them with full charges, and some have actually broken down under half charges. One of them burst a few months ago while experimenting with half charges of different powders, and a Committee has been sitting upon the fragments ever since. The gun gave way where any good mechanic would have predicted its failure, for the simple reason that the metal was reduced in thickness far faster than the pressure inside of the bore decreases in intensity. However, the Committee could not accept this explanation, and it tried to burst a similar gun by placing wedges inside the bore to jam the shot. Unfortunately the shot strenuously objected to being jammed, and some other theory had to be unearthed. The venerable air-space fallacy was brought forward once more, and it was thought that it could be proved to be possible that the gun had burst because the projectile had not been rammed home. Some officious person now called attention to the exhaustive experiments made many years ago by Sir W. Palliser, proving that there might be six feet of air between the powder and the shot without injury to a well-made gun. After this the Committee seems to have collapsed. It has not been able to find out why a new gun burst with half a charge of powder; or, if it does know, it has been unwilling to proclaim its knowledge. That the War Office has been driven to accept the view that the gun burst because it was made to burst may be inferred from the appointment of another Committee to find out in which way really good non-bursting guns may be procured. In the meantime the country has to do without guns and, practically speaking, without ships, as they cannot be put in commission for want of armament.

It is characteristic of the habits of our rulers that this most important Committee includes representatives of the firms of Whitworth and Armstrong. To speak more correctly, these representatives are the Committee, the military and naval members being added for appearance sake. The State has no staff of scientific gunmakers upon which it can rely upon emergencies, and after allowing amateurs to reduce it to a defenceless condition, is obliged to refer the whole question to two firms, having interests of the most powerful kind diametrically opposed to those of the nation. This is simply ringing the old changes once more upon Armstrong, Whitworth, and Woolwich from absolutely helpless subservience to which are attributable all the failures and evils that now paralyse our defensive services. To the first we owe obstinate adhesion to muzzle-loading for years after modern gunnery had completely outgrown the system, and, as a consequence, the crass ignorance in which we now find the Ordnance Department as to the elementary principles of breechloading artillery. To the second we owe the prevalence of a preposterous superstition concerning the impossibility of making good guns of anything but fluid-compressed steel, a vain superstition which holds its ground in spite of the systematic use of the ordinary steel of English makers for the artillery of nations who are years ahead of us in great guns. Fluid-compressed steel is theoretically and practically useless, and, despite its much-vaunted superiority, very little, if any, of it is manufactured at all.

To the third, with its ridiculous organization and inadequate provision both of men and appliances, we owe it that we neither have scientific gunmakers capable of checking the whims of our monopolists, nor have we the finishing plant capable of keeping pace with the needs of the day. These grave defects cannot possibly be remedied by a Committee in which the very agencies to which they are due have things their own way. In order to get out of the vicious circle in which we now move, we must have inquiry and action by an independent body inspired by a sense of responsibility to the nation, instead of a perfectly natural desire to keep hold of lucrative monopolies. The country must be put in a position to take advantage of private enterprise, and to avail itself of the economy and excellence which are only to be got from free competition. We have been told that Sheffield, &c. cannot supply heavy forgings for the manufacture of guns required; yet firms like Messrs. Vickers have made forgings 40 per cent. heavier than

the heaviest which have been so far required by Woolwich or Sir W. Armstrong & Co., and at the present moment are completing a forging-press capable of manipulating ingots of any size limited only by the capacity of its adjunct, the crane, which can lift one hundred and fifty tons.

An interesting paper was read last week at the United Service Institution, and very imperfectly reported, as such things usually are, by the daily papers. Mr. Anderson showed that there is no competition either for guns or the machinery by which they are worked, and that though the country is rendered entirely dependent upon one firm, that firm is so far from being under corresponding obligations to the country that the greater part of its business is done with foreign Governments. There is much to be said for such a relationship as exists between the German Government and Krupp. There is a great deal to be said for the French system, which keeps all the private makers in the country in competition for the supply of the Government. There are great advantages in the Russian system, which maintains a vast arsenal directed by a highly trained scientific staff, and renders the Government quite independent of all private manufacturers. But for our system, which neither keeps a Krupp at our disposal, though we pay more than Krupp's prices; nor gives us the benefits of competition, though nowhere is competition more keen and efficacious; nor supplies us with a complete and independent arsenal furnishing all requirements, there is absolutely nothing to be said. We have the disadvantages of all three systems, and the advantages of none. To produce an arsenal fit to be compared with Aboukoff would require an outlay to which the House of Commons is not likely to consent. It would further require time, since a gun-making plant is not put down in a day or a year, while a scientific staff to replace our present haphazard selections of artillery officers is an affair of slow growth. Private manufacturers could make guns and machinery to any given specifications; but at present we have no fixed type of mountings, nor does the Ordnance Department know how to design a gun. Moreover, finished guns of a large size require costly plant of no use for other purposes, which private makers would not lay down without the assurance of continuous employment. But modern guns are made in sections, and there is no more necessity for all the sections being made in one place than for all the parts of a watch being turned out in one shop. There are abundance of steel-makers who can produce gun-tubes and rings of any required dimensions, and of quality at least equal to anything that can be made in any part of the world. They ought to be called upon to supply the rough parts of guns, and Woolwich ought to desist from any notion of competing in the production of steel, and ought to become simply a large finishing and testing shop. By concentrating its energies in this way, the Arsenal might, without a large outlay, render itself capable of turning out finished guns at a rate at least approximate to the national needs; and the supply of the rough parts would, under a system of competition, become practically unlimited. It is obvious that even under such a system the Ordnance Department would require reorganization. We need practical men at Woolwich abreast of all the science of the day, free from the amateurish fads about excessive lightness of guns and impossible tensile strengths, and paid salaries which will ensure their retention in the service of the State. Seven or eight tons saved on the weight of a gun to be carried by a ship like the *Inflexible* is comparatively trivial; but the attempt to secure it may, as we have just seen, produce guns that give way in the middle, and has undoubtedly led to the imposition of ridiculous tests, which have deprived the country of material which other nations and private purchasers buy with avidity.

#### THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

AT Suffolk Street the exhibition is of the average quality of recent years. The fuller representation of British art, which might reasonably be expected from late accessions to the Society, is not realized. New men have not brought the stimulus and force that might regenerate a venerable and somewhat inflexible artistic body. One very striking fact is evident on all sides which, whatever its causes may be, is clearly responsible for much of the flatness and iteration that characterize the show. The feeble support the Society receives from most of its stronger members is truly distressing, if not quite inexplicable. Mr. Brewtall and Mr. Arthur Hill contribute nothing. A large number of capable painters make a display that only suggests they have reserved themselves for Burlington House; they are offenders by omission, not because the work they send is bad, but because they substitute sketches and studies of rough and even hasty execution for pictures of importance. Mr. W. Christian Symonds, whose powers justify the highest expectations, is prominent among these. If all this reserve is due to the fact that another place supplies a better market, it is unfortunate for art, and a doubtful policy in the artist. Good and bad alike, all works can be seen with ease in the Suffolk Street Galleries, and good work is invariably placed where it should be—on the line. It seems strange that men who reverence their art should be willing to risk the perils that proved disastrous to many a painting of merit at last year's Academy, when they are certain of adequate reception at Suffolk Street if they loyally support their Society. Is it possible they prefer to be skied with Meadag and Emile Wauters, yards high above the significant line of British art represented by Mr. Herbert and others who instruct

the intelligent foreigner? If such views are general among the younger members, there is little to hope for the future of the Society of British Artists.

Mr. Whistler is an exception to the rule of the majority of recent members. He is no advocate of absenteeism or reserve. He is represented by a portrait which he prefers to call an "Arrangement in Black" (350), and by a number of little jests in water-colour, "Notes" in green and silver, blue and silver, and the like, thrown from the exuberant portfolio. These may distract and amuse, but they should not detain the serious. Mr. Whistler's portrait of Señor Sarasate is a great achievement, a masterly example of skill and audacity. The violinist, in evening dress, with instrument in hand, is presented in a medium of gloom, whose profundity is measurable as "darkness visible," in which the figure appears with brilliant distinction and actuality. The force of the impression, astonishing though it be, is not wholly due to the vivid individuality of the work. The most potent similitude has something of the shadowy and evanescent in painting, if it be not vital with spiritual fire and inspiration; Mr. Whistler's sympathetic work possesses this quality in a notable degree. In other ways Mr. Whistler's personality has affected the exhibition. A very ordinary study of flowers is called by one exhibitor "A Harmony in Red and Yellow." This detestable affectation is becoming intolerably common, and honest, common-sense titles, such as "A Flower Piece," or "Landscape, with Cattle," have just now a peculiar charm. Even Mr. Whistler's "Notes" have their imitators, whose quality cannot be better felt than by comparing Mr. Little's "Fulham Road" (48) and Mr. Whistler's green and silver "Honfleur" (634). The one is false and feeble, the other a true impression of aerial, vaporous distance. Mr. A. Ludovici junior's "A Little White Note" (42) is pretty and delicate; but its title involves a little black pun. Mr. Harpur Pennington's portrait, "A Little White Girl" (40), is an unhappy flattery of Mr. Whistler and a composition of incredible ugliness.

In landscape there is not much to note. Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Poole Harbour—Evening" (385) has much solemnity of colour and the poetic feeling that is most attractive and moving. Two other artists, eminent colourists too, Mr. J. R. Reid and Mr. John White, are seen to advantage, though not in important pictures. Mr. Reid's "Ducklings" (220) has wonderful force and intensity; the rendering of fierce sunlight is accentuated by the whitened farmyard-wall and black figure in the foreground, and the tone of the old barn beyond and the heavy-foliaged elms is delicious. In Mr. White's "Senning Cove" (107) the grey gleaming sea is most harmoniously combined with the mystery of the rich dusky landscape. Mr. A. F. Grace's "South Downs" (144) has breadth and atmosphere, with something of the spacious quality and impressiveness of Copley Fielding. Mr. Picknell's "A Stormy Day" (213) is an effective transcript of nature, if somewhat hard and theatrical. Mr. Anderson Hague's "Conway" (360) is obviously a painter's exercise, heavy and *dénaturé*. Skilled and simple method and respect for the example of Constable are plainly visible in Mr. Edwin Nichol's bright little landscape "Showery Weather" (256).

Mr. W. T. Dannat sends several studies, full of almost brutal vigour, and unaffectedly sombre. The head of a young man (474), notwithstanding its power, is little representative of the artist's capacity; nor is his "Spanish Peasant" (46) an index of his versatility. Mr. Dendy Sadler, Mr. Yeend King, and Mr. C. W. Wyllie are among the artists who have effaced themselves only less completely than those who refrain from exhibition. Mr. Sadler's "Bookworms" (405) is not without humour and has high technical qualities; but the theme is exceedingly trite, and is rather tamely treated. Neither Mr. W. H. Gadsby nor Mr. T. C. Gotch support their reputation: Mr. Gotch's "A Family Portrait" (441) is, indeed, a clever piece of naturalistic *genre*, glaringly vulgar, and most audaciously devoid of beauty or style. The best of the water-colours are Mr. T. B. Hardy's admirable drawings "The Dutch Herring Fleet" (552) and "Greenwich Hospital" (693). The rolling water in the latter, with its broad lights on the grey-green surface, is given with wonderful truth and movement. The drawing displays immense knowledge and observation in other directions—in the brig tacking up-stream, the fine sense of atmosphere, of freshness and vitality.

#### AN AMERICAN DIVINE ON OPTIMISM.

THE second title of the *Andover Review*, as a *Magazine of Progressive Orthodoxy and Modern Religious Thought*, may give rise to "thoughts." It would at least be interesting to learn more definitely in what sense orthodoxy is supposed to be "progressive," unless it be simply meant that in America—and the *Andover Review* is a New York publication—no religion can hope to hold its own which does not at least arrogate that name to itself. No doubt there has been much talk of doctrinal progress during recent years, but the talkers have not usually been either anxious to appropriate or apt to receive any special credit for orthodoxy. On the other hand, the avowed champions of orthodoxy have been more in the habit of disclaiming than of adopting such an epithet as progressive, and have often indeed insisted that in matters of Christian belief to be novel means to be heterodox. We do not of course forget the famous "theory of development," but there is certainly nothing to show that the *Andover Review* is conducted on the lines of Cardinal Newman's theology. However as regards the particular article

standing first in the number now before us, with which alone we are here concerned, there is no need to pursue this inquiry. Dr. Hopkins's dissertation on "Optimism"—or as it is oddly misprinted on the cover, "Optium"—is unimpeachably orthodox, "but bears no very evident marks of" progressive thought. In the main we are disposed to agree with what he says, but we do not quite perceive why he should have thought it necessary to say it. Optimism is commonly understood to signify the doctrine that this is the best of all possible worlds, and pessimism that it is the worst, and when a Christian apologist comes forward to maintain the former view, he of course intends to combat the sceptical indictment against the goodness or omnipotence of the Creator, derived from the alleged imperfection or failure of His work. "The impression left on my mind," said Carlyle, after a long conversation with a distinguished Agnostic writer of the day, "was that, if the Almighty had consulted Mr. — before He made the world, it would have been a much better world than it is." Mill was far too modest and serious a thinker to suggest that he could himself have improved on the design of the Creator, but he has brought, as is well known, a tremendous indictment against "nature," which does every day nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned every day for doing to one another. "Nature," he adds, in a burst of indignant eloquence, "impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyr, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow process of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian never surpassed." And he observes that "optimists in their attempts to prove that 'whatever is, is right,' are obliged to maintain, not that Nature ever turns one step from her path in order to avoid trampling us into destruction, but that it would be very unreasonable for us to expect that she should." And his inference is that the Maker of such a world as this cannot possibly be both omnipotent and beneficent. That is of course the objection which an optimist advocate of religious belief proposes to meet, especially if he starts, like Dr. Hopkins, with the rather startling assertion that "theism implies optimism." These are the first words of his paper; and he amplifies it by explaining that, "if there be a God of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness," and He has not "originated the best possible system, provided the best possible system is possible"—rather an odd proviso by the way—"we see no escape from the dilemma—either He could not, and then He is deficient in power, or He would not, and then He is deficient in goodness." That was precisely Mill's dilemma, and he inclined to the first alternative, of a limited deity. But the curious thing is that Dr. Hopkins has got through nearly two-thirds of his article before he touches on the real point at issue at all. Of the former and longer portion, it may be justly said—as a devout and long-suffering auditor replied to a question about a very tedious and indifferent sermon—"Well, it was all on the side of religion and virtue." Dr. Hopkins is all on the side of religion and virtue, but we can hardly commend his argument to those who are disturbed by the objections of irreligion and unbelief. Our readers shall judge for themselves.

He first insists that the best possible system is not possible, by which he appears to mean that we are not adequate judges of what is really best:—

What has just been said would be true if there were no physical or moral evil. That there might have been a system from which these should have been excluded I have no doubt; but whether such a system would have been compatible with such a degree of freedom as would be involved in the best possible system is the question. With our limited powers it would be impossible for us to say beforehand whether the best possible system would exclude evil, or, if evil were admitted, to what extent it might be permitted to go.

That is true no doubt, but it had been said much more forcibly by Bishop Butler long ago. We are then informed that, if the world was created by a perfect Being, we should expect it to be itself "perfect, as it came from His hand," and if the Bible was also given by Him, we should expect to find in it "a recognition of the necessity of that perfection." And the writer proceeds to show that, according to the Bible, man and the world were created in a state of perfection. In man there was a perfect harmony between the conscience and the will, between different individuals, between man and external nature, between man and "the animal creation"—meaning the lower animals, over which dominion was given him by his Maker—and lastly between man and God. This perfect state however came speedily to an end, but the next thing which "has come directly from God" was the Law given on Sinai, and that also was perfect. By perfect the writer means here exhaustive, and he seems to forget that the Law of Moses was both supplemented and reinterpreted by a greater than Moses; however let that pass. He goes on to say that perfection was again exhibited in the Person of the sinless Redeemer, but observes, as though parenthetically, that "so imperfect are the moral results that, looking only at what we see now, the system is a failure." It is just there, of course, that the whole gist of the sceptical objection lies. But Dr. Hopkins proceeds serenely to sum up his results:—

Thus do we have in the Scriptures, in the beginning, perfection: in the middle, sin, struggle, apparent defeat, but still, where it is logically demanded, perfection; in the end, victory, and again, perfection. But so far as we have perfection we have optimism, and, if we allow that evil may enter at all into the best possible system, we have reason, from the perfection which thus runs through the Scriptures, to believe that the system



which they present is one of optimism. We have reason to believe that it is worthy of God and the best possible.

Then, and not till then, after he has got through the greater part of his dissertation, does it first occur to him to entertain the question of "optimism in the world as it is"; and he tells us at once that "looked at without reference to a future life, the world presents an insoluble mystery." Both the optimist and the pessimist may find something to say for themselves, and he thinks—mistakenly, we suspect—that each has equal support for his theory, and suggests, with better reason, that individual views on the matter are more likely to be determined by temperament than by logic.

And here the writer for the first time really comes to close quarters with the sceptical difficulty, but still he has little new to say about it; he rather indeed evades than grapples with the point at issue. That the brevity and uncertainty of human life makes it the more "perfectly adapted to be a scene of probation under a remedial system," may be true enough, but will hardly satisfy those who have yet to be convinced that it is designed for a period of probation. And when Dr. Hopkins proceeds to insist on "the amount of enjoyment provided for in it," and even roundly declares—in language somewhat needlessly pompous and elaborate—that, "if the organization as related to its environment had necessitated suffering, as it readily might, it would have indicated cruelty on the part of God," adding that "no such thing exists," we cannot but feel that he has done very imperfect justice to the facts of the case. He might have remembered the Scriptural aphorism that "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." We are very far indeed from meaning to say or imply that this "indicates cruelty on the part of God," but, as Dr. Hopkins leaves the matter, that would be the natural inference from his statement. Every sincere Christian will of course see good reason for believing the contrary; but he is not, we presume, arguing with sincere Christians. Then again he refers, though without naming or quoting him, to Tom Paine's famous contention that "a revelation, which is to be received as true, ought to be written on the Sun," and dismisses it as excluding rational inquiry and a fair use of the intellect, which form "one great element of probation." Here again he may be relying on Butler's line of argument, but he has not reproduced and still less has he attempted to supplement or improve upon it. Nor does he even mention the reply somewhere suggested by Cardinal Newman, to the effect that the actual and visible existence of Christianity as a fact in the world's history for centuries past does to a certain extent supply this sort of external evidence for the great body of Christians, and would have a more palpable and cogent force for outsiders if Christians were more in harmony among themselves. That at all events is a consideration which to many readers would be more impressive than anything the writer has suggested. There is little in his paper, as we intimated before, which most orthodox believers would not be ready to accept; but there is quite as little, likely to arrest the attention of doubters or shake the despairing confidence of the confirmed pessimist. Schopenhauer would have fully agreed with Dr. Hopkins that "theism implies optimism"; and he drew the inference, spoken not only in his heart, but with his lips: "There is no God." And many who stop short of the extreme pessimism of Schopenhauer, and would shrink still more from adopting his conclusion, find great difficulty in accepting the optimist view of life, and are inclined to fear at least that "nature shrieks against their creed," however earnestly they desire to recognize its truth. To such inquirers Dr. Hopkins will afford little help. He either cannot or will not frankly acknowledge the great strength of the *prima facie* case against optimism, and while it is quite true that the intelligent acceptance of revelation puts the matter in a very different light, you cannot postulate the truth of revelation in arguing with objectors to theism. Mill insisted with characteristic candour and clearness of view that Butler's defence of revelation ought to be convincing to those who admitted—as his contemporary opponents did admit—Butler's theistic premises. But that is precisely what modern Agnostics refuse or hesitate to admit. And they may reasonably expect to find in "a Magazine of Progressive Orthodoxy and Modern Thought" some more plausible solution of their difficulty than a demand that they should begin the inquiry by assuming the fundamental point in dispute.

#### THE PARIS AND BERLIN BOURSES.

THE effect of political apprehension upon the Stock Exchange just now is heightened by the state of the Paris and Berlin Bourses. During the past few weeks the Paris Bourse has been going through a severe crisis, and it is feared that at the end of the month there may be even a more serious crash. At the time of the panic in Paris about three years ago the great financial establishments combined together to stay its progress. They succeeded; with the result, however, of paralysing the Bourse for a long time. It was notorious that a great number of speculators and brokers were practically bankrupt, and were kept upon their feet only by the help of the great financial establishments, and it was expected that sooner or later the stocks held by them would be thrown upon the market, and therefore that the crisis was only prolonged. Had the French Government pursued a prudent policy, had the finances been put in order and had trade revived, it is possible that the object of the great financial establishments might have been attained. Prices might gradually have recovered

until the bankrupt speculators and brokers could have sold without serious loss, and several of them even might have been saved from ruin altogether. But, as matters turned out, the hope proved fallacious. Egypt was thrown into anarchy, the French Government embarked upon a policy of adventure, the French finances went from bad to worse, and French trade grew more and more depressed. Consequently the Joint-stock Companies that had sprung up all over France in such a plentiful crop in the interval between 1878 and 1881 were for the most part wound up. There were numerous failures of all kinds, and the Bourse was reduced to a state of paralysis. But when a reconciliation, or at least an understanding, was arrived at between France and Germany, a new hope arose that at last the crisis had been tided over, and that circumstances were so altered as to make possible a revival of speculation. It was assumed that the combinations formed by Prince Bismarck were intended to ensure peace in Europe, that a *modus vivendi* between France and Germany had been arrived at, and that therefore France was free to devote her whole attention to the extension of her authority beyond sea and to the development of her material resources at home. In consequence a fresh speculation sprang up; but it was evident to all cool observers that the speculation was doomed to early failure. Trade had not improved; on the contrary, it became even more depressed. The operations in China continued, and the finances grew more desperate. When, therefore, the French reverse at Langson occurred, and the Ferry Ministry was suddenly hurled from power, the speculation collapsed, and the effect was heightened by the breaking out of the dispute between our own country and Russia respecting the Afghan boundary. The possibility of a great European war alarmed all interests in Paris and produced a crisis. A number of firms in the *coulisse*, or outside market of the Bourse, suspended payment, and their failure was followed by the disappearance of one speculator, son-in-law of a great banker, and although not a partner in the firm, yet authorized to sign for it by procuration. He had speculated on an immense scale; his mere "differences"—that is, the differences between the prices at which he bought and the prices to which the stocks had fallen at the time of his failure—amounted to about half a million sterling.

Scarcely less serious was the arrangement of the affairs of another financier whose speculations were on even a larger scale. It is said that he held Italian Rentes to the nominal amount of 4 millions sterling, and that the house of Rothschild in Paris and the Bank of Italy have combined to carry over for him this immense amount of stock, each having the option to buy 2 millions of the Rentes at a specified price at any time within six months. In any case, such a number of suspensions and arrangements create alarm. No one knows whose turn it may be next to suspend, and there is for the moment complete stagnation upon the Bourse. The ultimatum addressed by the French Government to Egypt has added to the difficulties of the Bourse; and if war between this country and Russia breaks out, it is extremely probable that the panic which was nipped in the bud three years ago may be precipitated, and that widespread ruin may occur in Paris. Scarcely less disquieting is the state of affairs in Berlin. When the reconciliation was effected last year between Germany and Russia, the Seehandlungsgesellschaft, which is practically a department of the Prussian Ministry of Finance, was permitted to take part in bringing out the Russian loan that immediately followed. As this could not have happened without the permission of Prince Bismarck, it was understood throughout Germany to be an intimation that a very intimate alliance between the Russian and the German Governments had been concluded, and that Prince Bismarck warmly desired the rehabilitation of Russian finance. And when some great financial establishments in Berlin took in hand the restoring of order in Russian finance the belief to this effect was greatly strengthened. An extraordinary speculation grew up throughout Germany in Russian stocks, and the price was rushed up in the course of a few months until those stocks approached to par. Here, in England, at the same time the distrust in Russian policy and Russian solvency increased from day to day, and the more that German capitalists and speculators bought of Russian stocks, the more English holders sold. It is generally believed now by those who are best able to form an opinion on the subject in the City, that there is very little indeed of Russian stocks held at present in this country, and that the holdings of those stocks in Germany alone exceed 80 millions sterling. The difficulties of the French Bourse of late have compelled them likewise to sell a large part of the Russian stocks held in France, and thus every day the German speculation in these stocks is growing more and more unwieldy.

Under the most favourable circumstances it is inevitable that a crash must follow so wild a speculation as this. As our readers are well aware, Russia contrives to pay the interest upon her existing debt only by means of constant borrowing. Year after year the national expenditure is increasing, while, in spite of incessant additions to the taxation, the revenue grows but very slightly. Every year, therefore, there is a large deficit, which is partially obscured by representing a portion of it to be due to extraordinary expenditure, but which, to those who carefully study the matter, is known to be enormously large. The revenue, as we have said, does not grow materially in the meantime, and apparently the limit of productive taxation has now been reached. The exorbitant expenditure of the war against Turkey has drained the Empire of a large part of its accumulated wealth, and the

competition of the United States and India in the wheat market is taking from Russia a large part of its most profitable foreign trade. Even, then, had the policy of the Russian Government been as prudent as it is rash, it is certain that, sooner or later, there must be a repudiation of its debt by Russia. And this is more inevitable when we consider the widespread disaffection throughout the Empire and the extreme poverty of the peasantry. The probability of bankruptcy, however, has been greatly increased by the dispute that has just arisen with this country regarding the Afghan frontier. Even if war is avoided, the expenditure must be immense. A partial mobilization of the army, the moving of troops towards Afghanistan, the precautions to be taken against China, Persia, and Turkey, all will add immensely to the military expenditure; and therefore, even on the most favourable assumption, the deficit this year must be larger than it has yet been since the close of the war against Turkey. If, on the other hand, war actually breaks out, the expenditure must be on so vast a scale that it is difficult to see how Russia can find the money. During the war against Turkey she raised nearly two hundred millions at home, but at the cost, as we have seen, of crippling herself ever since; and it is extremely improbable that there are now two hundred millions sterling of accumulated savings in the Empire which the Government could obtain without throwing the whole manufacturing and commercial machinery of the Empire out of gear. But whether war breaks out or not, it is scarcely possible that Russia can go on borrowing as before. Every one will assume, even if peace is preserved, that the peace will merely give a breathing time for both Empires to prepare more completely for the coming struggle. No money, therefore, can be raised by English assistance, and the Continent will hesitate to lend to a Power which is preparing for a life-and-death struggle against the richest and greatest Power in the world, when that Power has been thoroughly warned, and is itself preparing for the conflict. In all probability, then, Russian borrowing on the Continent is at an end for the present, however the dispute about the Afghan boundary may end. And if Russian borrowing is at an end, Russia will be unable for very long to continue paying the interest upon her debt. When this comes to be clearly understood apprehension and alarm will spread throughout the ranks of German speculators, and there will probably be a crash such as has never been witnessed in Germany before. Therefore there is much anxiety amongst all who are connected in any way with Germany in this country. It is, of course, impossible for a great panic to occur in any European country without affecting ourselves more or less, and consequently the disquiet and depression upon the Stock Exchange are not wholly due to the apprehensions of war. To some extent they are traceable to the anxieties that are aroused by the state of the Paris and of the Berlin Bourses. Indeed, the state of the Berlin Bourse more particularly has been one of the reasons why so strong a belief has hitherto prevailed in the City that peace will somehow be preserved. It is felt that Germany cannot afford so great a crash as war would bring on, and that when Prince Bismarck is thoroughly made to understand that a crash of the kind would occur, he will use all the influence he possesses to prevent war. But, as we have just been showing, even if he were to preserve peace it is extremely improbable now that he could avert a panic. The panic might be less serious than would be precipitated by war; but that a panic must come seems inevitable.

#### BERLIOZ'S *TE DEUM*.

AT the Crystal Palace last Saturday's concert was the final one of the series, with the exception of that for Mr. Manns's benefit, reserved for to-day. Of the first part we shall say little. In honour of the late Lord Mayor, the "Dead March" from *Saul* was played before the concert began. Then came an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's wonderful overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was succeeded by the great romance in *Euryanthe*, correctly, but tamely, sung by Mr. Harper Kearton. The "Vorspiel" to *Parafal*, which closed the first part, was again shown to be unfit for the concert-room, whatever its effect on the stage. The second part was allotted to a single work.

Berlioz's *Te Deum*, well known by repute, but never before played in England, attracted a large audience, among them many musicians. It can be compared with no other music in existence, unless perhaps with the *Requiem* of the same composer. The requirements of such a colossal design are not easily attainable out of a cathedral. An orchestra and two choirs should occupy one end of the building, and an organ the other; whilst at one of the sides there should be placed a choir of children thrice as numerous as the double choir about the orchestra. This is manifestly impossible in any ordinary concert-room; and though on Saturday whatever could be done was done, yet with organ, orchestra, and triple choir all occupying one end of the room, such effects as dialogue of organ with orchestra and choir with choir, or the appearance of important themes from unexpected quarters, were hardly to be realized. The work was intended to form part of a gigantic composition celebrating the return of Bonaparte—by whose personality Berlioz, in common with all the men of his generation, was profoundly affected—from his Italian campaign. It

is scored for an orchestra of exceptional strength and variety, with, as has already been said, an organ and a triple chorus. Though on Saturday the composer's intentions were not completely carried out, it is not too much to say that the want, if want there were, was perceptible to few or none in the audience.

The service is divided into six vocal parts, in consonance with the changing sentiments of prayer and praise, with an orchestral finale, a "Marche pour Présentation des Drapeaux," naturally of a semi-military character. Notwithstanding his scorn, repeatedly and violently expressed, for contrapuntal learning and fugal forms, Berlioz has made his *Te Deum* almost as remarkable for elaborate writing in the voice parts as for appropriate and striking instrumentation, and original and emotional thematic conceptions. Indeed the first movement, which of course is one of praise, begins as a sort of double fugue, with two counter-subjects. The theme most suitably declaims the words "Te Deum laudamus," and the first counter-subject enters with "Te veneratur omnis terra." The working out is not strictly classic; Berlioz has made a free use of the devices and forms of imitation in the manner that suited him best, and rendered his music most effective. In the second counter-subject, as elsewhere in the work, in spite of his abuse of Handel and Bach for such violations of dramatic fitness, he has himself, when he felt it demanded by his musical structure, admitted, and with very happy effect, a vocalization of sixteen quavers on a good vowel. The second number, also a hymn of praise, begins on the words "Tibi omnes angeli," melodiously ushered in by the sopranos of one choir, the contraltos of the other soon joining. Then comes the "Sanctus," in long solemn notes, held for two bars, when the tenors enter; and presently the whole choir bursts in upon "Pleni sunt coeli." Twice again the opening melody is repeated, first by the tenors and finally by the basses; while after each repetition the "Sanctus" and the "Pleni sunt" follow with different treatment, and accompanied with increased spirit and inexhaustible variety. The next number, the "Dignare, Domine,"—as the words suggest, a prayer—is treated with reserve and dignity. This quiet interlude of sober melodiousness in the midst of triumph and laudation reposes the ear, and prepares it for the rapid movement and jubilant tones of the "Tu, Christe, rex glorie." But the two remaining vocal movements, the hits of the work, are specially characteristic of the daring and original genius of Berlioz. The one, a tenor solo with chorus, "Te ergo quesumus," is thrilling and beautiful; the other, the tremendous "Judex crederis," is almost beyond conception appalling and overwhelming. The tenor air has the most marvellous accompaniments and accessories: as, for example, the obstinate beat of the strings in contrary rhythm, the melodious flights of horns, clarionets, oboes, and flutes, and the strange murmuring chorus that enters now and again on the words "Fiat super nos misericordia." The long high notes of the tenor, mournfully dwelling on the first syllable of the word "Domine," complete, as it were, a sense of rich, mysterious twilight. Suddenly the key changes to the major; the tenor seems to call on the chorus with lovely notes of hope; "Speravimus in te," the chorus answer, in figures of equal loveliness; the instrumentation brightens as from twilight into dawn; and then, in place of the jubilant outcry expected, the "Fiat super nos" of the earlier choral passages descends like night, in the sombre colouring of an unaccompanied chorus in the old ecclesiastical style. To this, sung pianissimo throughout, succeeds on the organ the first announcement of the theme "Allegretto, un poco maestoso," of the "Judex crederis." It is soon taken up by the basses of the first choir, accompanied in unison and octave by the double basses and bassoons, and then by the cornets and trombones; it re-enters in a series of enharmonic changes, with the sopranos, tenors, and contraltos, to an accompaniment of prodigious richness. A subsidiary theme, the "Non confundar," is remarkable for a certain savage energy; it is finely contrasted with a second, the tranquil "Salvum fac"; and this in its turn is opposed by the nobly triumphant expression of the "Per singulos dies," delivered by the basses to an accompaniment which is hardly to be described in words. As yet we are but at the beginning. It is impossible, however, to analyse the devices by which each return of the tremendous theme is made new and effective, or to do more than hint at the wonderful variety of treatment by which these recurrent parts are fused into the gigantic unity of the whole movement. The *Te Deum* may fairly be described as a colossus among choral works, yet the "Judex crederis" caps it like a crown. For the impression of astonishment and awe which it produces, it does not depend on sheer noise; the character of the main theme is essentially imposing. It is, says Berlioz, "sans aucune doute ce que j'ai produit de plus grandiose." It suffices to justify the "Tu Marcellus eris" of Paganini; for, indeed, there has been nothing like it since Beethoven. Here, and not in such febrile and excited work as the *Harold* and the *Fantastique*—here is the true Berlioz.

Considering the amazing difficulties of the score, the performance—which it is earnestly to be hoped may be repeated—was satisfactory. Mr. Manns has a clearness of insight, a firmness of grasp, which make him an admirable expositor; one is sure to have from him on the first hearing a comprehensive view of even the most complicated structures.



## PARISIAN THEATRES.

THE disagreeable truth must be frankly admitted that dramatic talent—by which we mean that creative talent which produces new plays which are not only successful for the moment but possess a permanent value—is at present under an eclipse in Paris; and Paris is still France to such an extent that the country is content to be guided by the taste of the capital. An era of triviality has set in. The great and growing influence of strangers is one of the principal causes of this change. After a day of sight-seeing and shopping a bright amusing opera-bouffe which begins at about nine o'clock—with smart dresses, pretty scenery, attractive women, and a spice of naughtiness—is preferable to a drama which harrows, or a play which demands thought. Even at the Comédie Française the late hours which have now become fashionable are not without their effect. We have seen the stalls and boxes quite empty when the first piece began; and though the “people of importance” who subsequently condescended to fill them sat through the *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour* of Alfred de Musset with tolerable patience, some of them interrupted the terrible last scene by putting on their cloaks and hats before the curtain had fallen. Under these conditions it is hardly to be wondered at that men of letters should no longer look to the stage as a career as they used to do; and that some of the so-called successes of the present season should be quite unworthy of the artists who perform them. Gentlemen of the press have lately taken to writing for the stage, and, as M. Francisque Sarcey has pointed out with that *franchise brutale* which is natural to him, if only the newspaper to which they belong be sufficiently powerful, the fortune of the author is, for the moment, secured. The forthcoming work is heralded by a preliminary trumpet, which, like the clock in *The Critic*, “begets an awful attention” in the public; the incidents of the first night’s performance are chronicled with painful minuteness; and for weeks afterwards a daily paragraph records the amount of the nightly receipts. We believe that we are only speaking the exact truth when we say that no real success has made its appearance this winter, with the solitary exception of *Clara Soleil*, a bright, merry farce in three acts, which is drawing crowded audiences to the Théâtre du Vaudeville. It is one of those pieces which, as the phrase goes, must be seen to be appreciated; and we will not spoil the pleasure of any one who is lucky enough to do so by an attempt to describe the curious tangle of events in which the characters are involved.

The Comédie Française subsisted on its répertoire, and on an admirable revival of *Le Légataire universel*, until the middle of January, when M. Dumas produced his new piece *Denise*. The name of the distinguished author is a sufficient guarantee for a perfect style and dramatic excellence of a certain kind; but of late years he has become a moral pathologist, and now devotes himself to the illustration of breaches of the seventh commandment with the enthusiasm of a surgeon who has discovered a new disease. We believe that he claims for himself the position of a lofty moralist, and were the purity of his motives in writing *Denise* to be challenged, he would probably publish an ingenious piece of special pleading, in which black would be triumphantly proved to be white, and those who condemn the play as unwholesome would be shown to be hopelessly in the wrong. Of the piece we have already spoken fully. We are glad to be able to record that *Denise* is only what is called a *succès d'estime*, and that its moral tone is condemned with no uncertain voice. Indeed, had it not been performed at the Comédie Française, its fate would probably have been sealed on the first night. Such success as it has is due to the performers. It is not often that a crowded house weeps as if it had but one pair of eyes; but this result is produced by the extraordinary pathos with which Mlle. Barthet tells the story of her past life, and M. Coquelin is equally admirable as the didactic and somewhat prosy Thouvenel. M. Got has not much to do as Brissot, but he is grand in his great explosion of rage against Fernand, and reveals a power of concentrated passion which we did not know that he possessed. Among the performers of the smaller parts, which are all well filled, we would specially mention Mlle. Blanche Pierson, who, as Mme. de Thauzette, recovers some of the old reputation which her previous performances at the Comédie Française had imperilled.

The Théâtre de l’Odéon has lately revived *Henriette Maréchal*, by MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, a drama which acquired celebrity by its fate at the Comédie Française in 1865. The piece was accepted there in the ordinary way, on its supposed merits, and was represented with an exceptionally strong cast. It was, however, suspected that it had been forced on the management by the influence of Princesse Mathilde, in whose drawing-room it had once been read. Accordingly, it was received with such a storm of disapprobation that it was withdrawn after six representations. The authors have since won reputation of a certain kind by the publication of some novels of the naturalist school, and M. Zola, in token of brotherhood, has lavished unwonted praise on *Henriette Maréchal*. The story is by no means new. A married lady, Mme. Maréchal, quite old enough to know better, with a doting husband and a grown-up daughter, thinks proper to take to herself a lover in the person of M. Paul de Bréville, an ardent youngster whom she has met by accident at a masked ball at the Opera. M. Maréchal’s suspicions are aroused, and he bursts into his wife’s room at night, pistol in hand. Henriette, their daughter, hearing his step on the stair, comes to her mother’s assistance. Paul is concealed, and the husband’s bullet kills, not the lover nor the guilty wife, but the innocent girl, who

dies exclaiming, “C’était mon amant, à moi!” The management of the Odéon did well, we think, to represent this play, if only to silence the naturalist school, who were always complaining of its exclusion from the stage. The result, however, has justified the verdict of 1865. It is written in a fresh unconventional style, and the first act, representing the ball at the Opera House, is thoroughly original; but the plot is repulsive, and it is quite impossible to sympathize either with the lover or the lady. It is difficult to say which is the more worthless and inexcusable.

Last, but by no means least, we must say a few words on M. Sardou’s *Théodora*, which has just reached its hundredth representation. The excitement which attended its production is now a thing of the past, and the work can be judged on its merits. When anybody conversant with the French stage hears of a “drame en 8 tableaux de M. Victorien Sardou,” he can form a fairly accurate judgment as to what he will have to expect. M. Sardou is a clever playwright, and has a shrewd eye to effect of the conventional sort. He is, moreover, singularly free from any merciful consideration towards his interpreters and audience, and works out his sensational plots to the bitter end, wholly regardless of the time of night at which the curtain may fall. *Théodora* is no exception to the rule, and drags its weary length of scene after scene of lust, torture, and assassination well into the small hours. The errors of taste which disfigured *Fédora* are as prominent as ever in M. Sardou’s last venture, and the general feeling of disgust and weariness left upon one is stronger than any we can remember to have hitherto experienced. The truth is that M. Sardou never has been, and never will be, at home in serious drama. His first venture in this line, *Patrie*, was only saved from the fate which befell his second, *La Haine*, by the connexion which the audience discovered between the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands and the Government of Napoleon III. He does not know how to construct a plot of serious interest, or how to manage real personages. Not that he allows considerations of historical truth to interfere with him. *Théodora* is as glaringly inaccurate as anything which the elder Dumas ever produced; but the *feu sacré* which animated that most effective of dramatists is wholly wanting, and is replaced by a painful straining after archæological correctness, so that the piece might be described as a “Handbook to Constantinople, A.D. 532, in the form of dialogue.” We may briefly recall the outline of the plot. *Théodora*, wife of the Emperor Justinian, is the mistress of Andréas, who conspires with certain of his friends, among whom is Marcellus, one of the Emperor’s guards, to seize the person of the Emperor and convey him to a distant monastery. *Théodora*, who is only known to Andréas under an assumed name, gets wind of the plot and warns the Emperor. When the attack is made on the palace, she hears her lover’s voice and prevents him from being discovered. She stabs Marcellus, who has been taken, in order to prevent his betraying Andréas under torture. In the scene with Andréas which follows, she learns from him the particulars of the revolt which is to take place in the circus, and fearful that he should recognize her, entreats him not to go. He yields, but is soon told by his friends of the manner in which they have been betrayed, and of the fact that his mistress is a spy going under a false name. He goes to the circus, recognizes his mistress in the Empress, gives a cry of horror, and is seized and dragged to her feet. She again saves his life, but the Emperor’s suspicions are at last aroused. The revolt is suppressed, and her death decided upon. In the meanwhile she has obtained a love-philtre from an old circus companion, who imagines it to be destined for the Emperor, and having the death of her son, killed by his orders, to avenge, gives her poison instead. This in the last scene she gives to Andréas, who dies; and she is discovered and strangled by the executioner over her former lover’s body. The *mise-en-scène* is perfect. The dresses are admirably chosen, and the grouping leaves nothing to be desired; but the length of the play is simply intolerable, and, but for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt’s magnificent acting, it would be impossible to sit it out. A more thoroughly artistic performance it is impossible to witness. Alike admirable in every scene, it is difficult to select any one for special comment; we may, however, call attention to the marvellous versatility and power displayed by her in the scene in which she reveals the plot to Justinian and stabs Marcellus. Wonderful, too, is her last scene with Andréas; but space will not permit us to say more than that she has surpassed herself in her last creation, and shown in a most unmistakable manner how great an actress the Théâtre Français has lost in her. The Andréas of M. Marais is a noisy and conventional rendering of a very commonplace part. M. Volny is painstaking and uninteresting in the part of Marcellus. The Justinian of M. Garnier is in some ways a remarkable performance; his impersonation of the character is highly successful, and we have no doubt that time will enable him to rid himself of a certain tendency to exaggeration and of some trifling faults of diction.

M. Lamoureux has brought his series of concerts to an end by a most brilliant success. His last programme consisted, with one exception, of a selection of the overtures, preludes, and marches of Wagner. M. Lamoureux’s orchestra becomes more exquisitely perfect from season to season under his admirable direction, and of the rare knowledge and inspiration which he brings to the interpretation of Wagner it is not necessary to speak. One of the most interesting works produced by him this season is the “Sept Péchés capitaux,” of Adalbert de Goldschmidt, a performance of considerable promise. The orchestration is brilliant, and the score contains abundant evidence of a rare dramatic faculty.

## COMMON SENSE AT PETERBOROUGH.

THE world is to be congratulated when cathedrals and common sense are conspiring together. Last week we had to announce the advent of this quality at St. Paul's, and now we have to report its arrival at Peterborough. There is this difference, however, between the two cases. At St. Paul's it was the Executive Committee and the Chapter who of themselves displayed this most necessary but too rare gift. At Peterborough (setting aside the common-sense initial step of referring the controversy to the Archbishop for decision) it has been brought to bear upon the authorities from without. We congratulate all concerned—and who is not concerned in the structural integrity of our cathedrals, those priceless legacies from the past?—on the result, which will, we trust, restore peace to a divided Chapter, and save one of the noblest of our ecclesiastical monuments from a costly blunder, which would have destroyed the grave historic outline with which the world has been familiar for at least five centuries. Great as were the issues at stake at what our daily press persists in calling “the Metropolitan Cathedral”—a title, of course, only applicable to Canterbury, or in the northern province, to York—they are still greater at Peterborough. At St. Paul's it was only the decoration of the fabric which was in question, while at Peterborough it was the fabric itself that was endangered. We are happy to be able to use the past tense, for, although the Archbishop declines to accept the responsibility of the final decision of the question submitted to him, wisely preferring that that decision should be arrived at by the parties chiefly concerned, who will thus make the work their own, it would be unreasonable to doubt that the plan his Grace recommends, and which, if the Joint Committee he proposes be not formed, will stand as “the decision of the arbitration,” will be unanimously adopted. Any other course would stultify those by whom the arbitration was proposed.

The whole subject has been recently brought before our readers (January 17), and it is needless for us to repeat what we then said. It will be remembered that two years ago the central or lantern tower of Peterborough Cathedral was taken down, to prevent its collapsing altogether, and that this was done on the distinct understanding that it should be replaced, stone for stone, exactly as it had previously stood. The tower once down, however, more ambitious designs began to develop themselves. The old lantern was voted low and mean; so noble a minster required a worthier central feature. So various designs were called into existence—first, a lofty tower and spire, only fifty feet short of Salisbury; then a somewhat lower tower, still crowned with a spire, and, finally, two plans of towers without spires, raising the old Decorated lantern, somewhat enriched and embellished, on a reconstructed Norman base. As a part of all these plans the fourteenth-century lantern arches opening into the nave and choir were to be abolished, and replaced with copies of the Norman arches of the transepts. One by one the more pretentious designs had to be rejected on the very sufficient ground that there was no money to build them with. All that the most sanguine could hope for was to restore the lower portion of the former Norman tower and to hoist the decorated lantern on the top of it. This was the origin of “Mr. Pearson's modified plan,” which, not coming within their means, was succeeded by the “Committee's modified plan,” which, however, only obtained Mr. Pearson's partial assent, and to which evidently he has no great liking. Such were the successive propositions of the architect and of the “General Committee,” a large and heterogeneous body, headed by the Dean. Of the beauty of the designs, more particularly the first and more magnificent one, there was no question. Mr. Pearson is confessedly the first designer of towers and spires of the age, though unhappily too many of his designs as yet exist only on paper. The point at issue was their practicability, and still more their appropriateness. On this the four Canons had no doubt whatsoever. Their reply to each successive proposal was a simple one. “We took down the tower on the distinct understanding that it should be replaced just as it was. On this understanding we asked for and received subscriptions, and we cannot break our faith. We have hardly enough money to complete the work originally arranged for. If larger funds come in, we shall want them all for the fittings of the choir and the substantial repair of the west front. We desire no new plans, original or modified. We wish to retain the Decorated arches, as being beautiful in themselves and as part of the history of the edifice of which we are only the temporary guardians. We desire their restoration, and we will consent to nothing else.” Strong in their unanimity, and practically masters of the situation, the answer to all appeals, arguments, entreaties, remonstrances was “non possumus,” “nolumus ecclesiam Petroburgensem mutari.”

Meanwhile the General Committee held the purse-strings, and were masters of the situation on that side, the strength of their position being greatly augmented by the Dean siding with them. Never was there a more hopeless “imbroglio.” The air was thick with the dust of controversy. It rained statements, cases, protests and counter-protests, judgments of experts—and these at variance with one another—letters and pamphlets without end. Meanwhile the work for which the Committee was formed was at a standstill—

Pendent opera interrupta, minaque  
Murorum ingentes, aequataque machina celo—

and folks began to despair of ever seeing the tower rebuilt at all.

At last common sense began to find its way into the rival camps. The leaders on each side felt that this indecision was ruinous to the restoration of the Cathedral, and only made them ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Something must be done to bring it to an end. A happy inspiration suggested the submitting of the whole matter to the Archbishop. Let him arbitrate between them, and they would engage to accept his arbitration. The happy thought was received with acclamation. His Grace was good enough to accept the not very enviable responsibility, and at once proceeded to put himself in possession of the facts. Each party laid before him their “case” “clearly drawn”; abundant illustrations in the way of drawings and photographs were supplied; the representatives of each body had special interviews granted them; Mr. Pearson, to whose services as the architect of the rising Cathedral of Truro the Archbishop pays a well-merited tribute, had an opportunity of explaining his various schemes; the Archbishop paid a personal visit to the Cathedral and carefully inspected the architectural remains, and in the last few days has communicated his decision to the Dean and Chapter and Restoration Committee.

The result is what might be anticipated.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

A little common sense brought to bear upon the controversy has at once quieted it. Its true merits are revealed, and one only wonders that what is now so plain was not seen equally clearly before. In one point of view, it is true, the Archbishop's is “a decision in which nothing is decided,” for from a sense of the delicacy of his position he “begs to be allowed to waive the authority committed to him” in favour of the Joint Committee the formation of which he suggests, and asks “simply to place his opinion in their hands to be dealt with wholly and only as they think best.” Should this Joint Committee not be formed, which would consist of the Dean and the four Canons and four members appointed by them, and eight other members appointed by the General Committee as their representatives, the Archbishop's judgment will stand “as the decision of the arbitration.” But we cannot doubt that common sense, having once found its way into the charmed precinct, will prevail; that the Joint Committee will be formed, and that their first act will be to take immediate measures for carrying out the Archbishop's verdict.

Our readers will be anxious to know what this verdict is. It is precisely what we advocated ourselves three months back—namely, the simple replacement in solid and durable work of the tower and its supporting arches, two of them of the twelfth and two of the fourteenth century, in the form in which we received them, without any alterations or supposed improvements of our own, only providing what may be necessary with a view to the addition at some future time of something analogous to the octagon story which we know from old prints at one time surmounted the tower. The recovered fragments of the original Norman tower, of which so much has been made, and which prove to be comparatively inconsiderable, his Grace recommends should be fitted together as well as they can be, in some place where they may illustrate the antiquities of the church.

With the earlier part of the eminently sensible document in which the Archbishop enters into the original constitution of the Committee, which he rightly regards as “absolutely hopeless as regards the successful execution of a great work,” requiring a continual “appeal to an external arbitrator” to solve “differences of opinion otherwise insoluble,” we have nothing now to do. We must also pass over the very interesting paragraphs in which he reviews the various conflicting schemes, and remarks on their relative claims to consideration. The whole paper is one that deserves careful study, both in its relation to the building which is its subject and also in its bearing on cases where similar questions of the retention of ancient features or the substitution of the still more ancient features which preceded them may arise. As we read we feel that it is the judgment of one who is thoroughly master of the question, both on its historical and its architectural side, and can give a well-grounded reason for every point of his decision, and who brings to bear upon it that sound practical common sense which is too often lost sight of in such controversies, but which we are now encouraged to hope may be more frequently exercised upon them.

## COVENT GARDEN CIRCUS.

THE farewell performance, on Saturday, announced as for the benefit of Mr. Holland would have been incomplete without the short address from himself. In his few remarks he referred to the opposition he had encountered in his resolve to found a circus on ground hitherto associated with such very different scenes. Results have proved what boldness of idea can effect when put in act by far-seeing persistency of purpose. Throughout the whole winter season just concluded the vast building has never been too big for the audiences. From first to last Mr. Holland has scored successes; and the hold which he took upon the public in December last, and which has been tightening ever since, was fairly clinched with the entertainments of Saturday. No good work can be done without a good plan, and on the basis of thoroughness Mr. Holland has reared a most solid and remarkable exhibition. On a former occasion we noticed this characteristic, and it is satisfactory to find that we are not called upon to with-



draw, but rather to emphasize, the words we then used. What were amongst the most attractive features in the December entertainment maintained their popularity under the trying circumstances of many fresh introductions. Miss Nellie Reid and Mr. George Batty got no lukewarm reception; and the former's exhibition on a fine light-weight hunter, which she put at a number of difficult jumps, was, for "seat and hands," an education in itself. Mr. Batty's dashing feats on and off a bare-backed horse were applauded none the less warmly because he appeared immediately after the Arab artists "Abachi" and "Mazus." These latter caused intense excitement, and were repeatedly recalled. Their performances on a bottle placed on the apex of a pyramidal structure of wooden blocks were certainly marvels of boldness, skill, and ingenuity. The strength of the programme may be gathered from the fact that no diminution of interest was observable during subsequent performances. Mr. Moore had deserted St. James's Hall for the evening, and helped to maintain the high order of clowning which has throughout been conspicuous at Covent Garden. After horizontal-bar performances by Mlle. Avolina and "Little Valdo," the Pavanellas (musical Pavlovs) succeeded in getting music not only out of stones, but out of pickaxes and shovels, thereby transcending the deeds of Orpheus of old. The animal world was well represented by "Little Jumbo," an animal that unaided mounts a tricycle, and drives it at a great pace several times round the arena; and by Mr. Clive's wonderful performing dog, which as an acrobat and contortionist possesses almost the extraordinary powers of "Dezono," the great "man-serpent" from America. Mighty deeds were also done by "The Chiesi" family and others. After these the conclusion came with a cleverly acted pantomimic sketch, in which Mr. Charles Lauri, junior, having temporarily changed his humanity with a baboon, played the part of "Jacko" with almost painful reality.

## CIRCENSES SINE PANE.

[Mr. George Russell has given a free breakfast to the unemployed dock-labourers at Wapping.]

CHILD of the Whigs whose name you flout,  
Slip of the tree you fain would fell;  
Your colleagues own, I cannot doubt,  
Your plan, George Russell, likes them well.  
"What will regain," you heard them cry,  
"That popular praise we once enjoyed?"  
And instant was your smart reply,  
"Free breakfasts to the unemployed."

A nation of the past whose name  
Had once struck terror to its foes  
Was humoured on its day of shame  
With "bread and gladiatorial shows."  
If that Imperial ship could float,  
By such astute expedients buoyed,  
Why not support your little boat  
By breakfasts to the unemployed?

That race who in their nobler hour  
Dispensed, as from the hands of gods,  
The symbols and the tools of power,  
The legion and the curule rods,  
Were in the end, by games and alms,  
Into a base repose decoyed;  
Whence you infer that nothing calms  
Like breakfasts to the unemployed.

Your games don't suit the public taste,  
Although at first perhaps admired;  
And though in butchery and waste  
They still leave nought to be desired  
No Nero reckons such a host  
Of victims wantonly destroyed;  
Yet this magnificence is lost,  
It seems, upon the unemployed.

What though you point to thousands slain,  
And thousands more on thousands hurled  
In *ludi* barbarous as vain,  
And whose arena is the world?  
As substitutes for meat and drink  
(So far are English palates cloyed),  
Meaningless wars begin, you think,  
To pall upon the unemployed.

But *panis* with *Circenses* went  
In ancient Rome, while you to-day  
Upon your Circus too intent  
Have quite forgot the *sportula*.  
And it was to conciliate those  
Whom that omission has annoyed  
That you are giving, I suppose,  
These breakfasts to the unemployed.

Well, Russell, none their treat would stint,  
Nor, if they also dined and supped,  
Need you as serious treat the hint  
That such a practice is corrupt.  
And if with what they drank and ate  
You taught them what—and whom—to avoid,  
Much good might follow for the State  
These breakfasts to the unemployed.

And howsoever profusely flow  
The tea and coffee round the board,  
The hospitality you show  
Shall nowise lack its due reward.  
For soon, I trust, our turn 'twill be,  
With joy by no regret alloyed,  
To give the present Ministry  
A breakfast for the unemployed.

## REVIEWS.

GLENAYERIL.\*

SOME quarter of a century ago a reviewer of the late Lord Lytton's poems laid down as a maxim that it would be as absurd to withhold the name of a poet from a man who wrote bad poetry as to refuse the title of tailor to a man who made bad coats. If the latitudinarian critic's dictum is to be accepted as an irrefragable axiom and not as a frolicsome paradox, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* may wear unblushingly the bays with which he has crowned himself, and the shade of Robert Montgomery may pass the phantom of Macaulay with a complacent smile if they happen to cross each other's path in the Elysian fields. It would be harsh to say that the present Lord Lytton habitually or even often writes bad poetry. If we were bold enough to dispute the correctness of the theorem we have quoted, we should say that Lord Lytton, who has written a vast quantity of very pretty verses, has written but little poetry in the truest sense. Any poet might be proud to have written the really beautiful stanzas beginning

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;

and "Aux Italiens," penned in a somewhat lighter mood, is a model of the half-mirthful, half-melancholy threnody a cynical man of pleasure and of the world should write, if he wants to write rhyme about a dead mistress and his opera-hat. If spontaneity is not the greatest of a poet's gifts, it is surely one of the most essential. And it is a gift which nature has but grudgingly bestowed on the author of *Lucile* and *Glenaveril*. He seldom sings "because he must," or "pipes but as the linnet sings." He scarce aspires to the noble ideal which it vexes every true poetic soul to find unattainable. He cannot very heartily sympathize with the dreamers of impossible idealities. He can hardly conceive such persons as living beings, or, at any rate, his mind cannot focus them clearly enough to enable him to draw their portraits. The vulgar craving for worldly and social success he can well understand; and it is but consistent that his hero should attempt to bribe Emanuel Müller from his theological studies by telling him that if he will settle in England he may become "Sir Emanuel Miller, K.C.B." The embryo Lutheran clergyman has a keen ambition to rival the piety of his father, who had been a famous preacher; but his orthodoxy is hardly that of a saint or a martyr. And in vehemently asserting that he intends to take holy orders, he asks—

What's faith but doubt incessantly kept down?

The young men are of far different social rank. The one is the son of a German Lutheran pastor, the other is an English Earl. It is not very darkly hinted that they may have been changelings, but of this we cannot be quite certain until we are favoured with the later cantos of a poem of which only the first part is published. Perhaps it is the unsuspected possession of patrician blood which makes Emanuel so morbidly unhappy at not being able to trace his forbears further back than to his grandfather. He thus addresses Glenaveril:—

I would the ladder on whose lowest rung  
I stand upgazing through the dark, were propped  
Against a scaffold, whence the axe that swung  
Above my head continually dropped  
The ancestral blood from which mine own had sprung,  
Rather than know my life's short lineage stopped,  
Annulled, expunged, beyond my power to guess  
Its cancelled source in nameless nothingness.

His aunt, a sensible old maid, who had died before her nephew (real or supposed) uttered this rhodomontade, knew very well that earthen pots do not glide down the stream very comfortably when they have iron pots for fellow-travellers; and she had wisely, as we presume to think, insisted on keeping the boys apart during the most critical years of their lives. She had shrewdly remarked:—

'Tis best for both that they should separate  
Till each becomes what each was born to be;  
Ivor, the Lord of all Glenaveril,  
Emanuel, God's servant, if God will.

But the three years which were to elapse before they met had passed and gone when the young men came together at Heidelberg, and, over a flask of old Rudesheim, discussed each other's plans. Finding Müller was not at present to be coaxed or cajoled, Glenaveril makes him promise that, as soon as his studies are "completed quite," they shall each personify the other—

Thou my name shalt bear,  
I thine, and each the other's vesture wear.

And here the story is brought to a pause for the present. And

\* *Glenaveril*; or, *The Metamorphoses*. A Poem in Six Books. By the Earl of Lytton. Book I. London: John Murray.

now for a word or two as to the language in which the tale is told. It is not always well chosen, it is frequently bald and uncouth. These are the terms in which Fräulein Müller addresses the doctor who had come to attend Lady Glenaveril in her confinement—

So, sir, and who are you? And who are these  
Believered pert monkeys?

The bedizened apes were Lord Glenaveril's footmen. She goes on to tell him—

A wet nurse, sir, is not a *table d'hôte*.

It is a pleasure to turn from such distasteful stuff as this to the noble words in which the grim German *bourgeoise* declines the patronage of the Glenaverils for her nephew:—

My nephew and adopted son, sir, can  
Never be more, nor ever less, than he  
Was born to be; a good Samaritan  
To lift up Faith, and heal her wounds when she  
Faints by the way; or else her oracle,  
Filled with the voice of God, like Samuel.

Very good, too, is the description of the childlike Professor. We wish that we could quote more than one stanza of it:—

A long lean man, bald, and a little bent,  
Was Ludwig Edelrath, with luminous eyes.  
Scarce more than forty years his life had spent  
In innocently learning to be wise;  
But of his science the serene extent  
Embraced those famous forty centuries  
That watched Napoleon's conscripts. To his sight  
The past was present in a child's delight.

But there is yet another stanza which is so tender and pretty, and so very near akin to poetry, that we must transcribe it at length:—

Tears are the oldest and the commonest  
Of all things upon earth, and yet how new  
The tale each time told by them! how unblest  
Were life's hard way without their heavenly dew!  
Joy borrows them from Grief. Faith trembles lest  
She lose them; even Hope herself smiles through  
The rainbow they make round her as they fall;  
And Death, that cannot weep, sets weeping all.

We fancy that *Glenaveril* will be read less for its story and its sentiment than for its personalities. We use the word in no invidious sense. We mean that the chief attraction of the book for most readers will lie in the portraits of certain living politicians which are so painted that no key is required as to their identity. The picture of Lord Salisbury is, on the whole, true and lifelike so far as the drawing is concerned; but the colouring is too brilliant to please persons of chastened taste, and it appears to have been laid on with a plasterer's brush rather than with an artist's pencil. Why, too, should the writer describe Cæcilius as "scornful of men"? Is it because, as an imitator of Byron, Lord Lytton thinks that his heroes would not be quite heroes if they had not a touch of Lara-like misanthropy about them? Mr. Gladstone's portrait is not flattered, but it is sadly like its original. Sir William Harcourt would scarcely be recognized but for his name. Historicus. The Duke of Argyll is an excellent counterfeit presentment of the man. Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain are scarcely caricatured, but their features are depicted with as little delicacy as a small schoolboy's personation of his schoolmaster, with its terse, uncompromising legend, "Old Swishtail is a fool." By far the best portrait in Lord Lytton's gallery is that of Lord Granville:—

Glaucus, a pure Patrician to the bone,  
Serving Plebeian masters coarse and rough,  
Seems all misplaced, as some fine Parian stone  
At Smithfield used to prop a cattle-trough!  
Doth misery make strange bed-fellows alone  
When Glaucus, trained in arts polite enough  
For the fine conduct of a Court intrigue,  
Drapes in brocade the fustian of the League?

Whether the author is wise to write a poem which from its form and metre must perforce suggest a comparison and contrast with *Don Juan*, it is not for us to pronounce. Byron had sometimes a weird, uncanny kind of humour. At any rate, no one can question his wit. And

True wit is everlasting like the sun.

Lord Lytton has perhaps more wit than his father, who, Thackeray said, had but "a sham kind of wit"; but he has quite as little humour. The only stanza in *Glenaveril* which irresistibly reminds us of *Don Juan* is the following, which is not in the best taste, and which is hardly in keeping with the tone of a tale in which the degeneracy of our ruling statesmen is so well and wisely and patriotically contrasted with the energy and wisdom of the men who governed us eighty years ago—

"Oh, England! oh, my country!" These are not  
The last words spoken by the lips of Pitt;  
And that's unlucky, for the words have got  
A fine grandiloquence that seems to fit  
Lips so sententious. I've been told that what  
Was really said (but I'll not vouch for it)  
By that great man before Death closed his eyes,  
Was "Bring me one of Bellamy's veal pies."

Lord Lytton's verses are almost always smooth and very generally melodious; but he should not write such a line as

A mimic Marat or a mock Robespierre;

or such another as

That subtle cry; or is it the centrebit?

or, again, make "house" to rhyme with "superfluous."

#### BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.\*

THIS is an attractive and sumptuous book, containing nearly seventeen hundred closely-printed octavo pages. It is called a "new and revised edition"; mention is made of one earlier edition; the editor of the 1836 edition is credited with many of the notes, and is not named; but the word "translation" is not used; and although unusual care is taken to name the publisher of almost every English book quoted in the notes, no mention is made of the publisher of the 1836 translation. It is not clear that the "revision" includes any attempt to improve the language of the translator; if such an attempt has been made, it seems to have been unsuccessful, for, whilst the present editor writes with vigour and taste, the text is by no means up to the literary standard of our day. Bourrienne, on his first appearance in England, was, if our recollections can be trusted for so remote a year as 1836, not so favourably received as to escape the vendors of depreciated book-stock. He was acceptable to those who were interested in Bonaparte without considering him as "either a demon or a demigod" (Preface, p. xiii.) He had more than once watched from a safe distance the movements of armies; but he disowned all acquaintance with the art of war, and even underrated his own competence as a critic of operations which he seems to have judged correctly enough. This diffidence happily saved him from encumbering his book with those details and figures which oppress, without real instruction, the readers of Scott, Alison, and Thiers. He gave us a confessedly incomplete, but fairly analytical, account of his patron. He was domesticated with Bonaparte, and employed by him in confidential intimacy for about six years, and these were the best years of Bonaparte's life. He was clever enough to understand all that was going on in the camp and in the Cabinet, and he had no particular temptation in those six years to disparage his betters, or to misinterpret his master. From the 19th of April, 1797, when he joined Bonaparte in Italy, to the 27th of February, 1802, when he was dismissed, for the first time, by the First Consul, he was not merely private secretary, but such a private secretary as Bonaparte never afterwards employed. On his dismissal, the office seems to have been split in two; Duroc was his substitute as the gentleman friend, Meneval as the confidential clerk, both of them being apparently more simple, more virtuous, less adroit, less bold, than Bourrienne. Thenceforth he cannot be considered an unbiassed witness or a trustworthy chronicler. After the rupture he was recalled; after a second dismissal he was promoted; but these marks of favour must not be taken as proofs of his being respected; nor can it be held that they revived his affection, if he ever had any genuine affection, for the giver and taker of his good fortune. Holding on most adhesively to his "friend" Josephine, he evidently looked about for one or more than one patron. The only great man whom he openly declares to have been his friend is Bernadotte; this personage he exalts with moderate but unmixed compliments, which are not quite in tune with history. But the perturbation which changes his orbit is the attraction not of Bernadotte, but of Talleyrand; naturally this influence is somewhat occult, but it cannot escape a reader's observation. There is a marked difference between two sets of Napoleonists. There were many good, some able Frenchmen—such as Roederer, Caulaincourt, and Macdonald—who served France from the fall of the Directory to the first Restoration with perfect integrity, and with no little self-sacrifice. These men served the First Consul and then the Emperor because he was manifestly the restorer of the State; they were, for men of the world, modest and conscientious; it was their duty to suffer all things, even the reproach of iniquitous wars, for France; it was not their duty to rebuke him whom their beloved nation chose and sustained. There were other men, not purely virtuous, but honest enough for efficiency—such men as Carnot, Soult, and Savary, who worked for Government rather than for France, and judged for themselves as to the probable duration of this or that chieftainship, holding themselves in readiness for a transfer of services, and doing nothing to bring about the change. To the first of these two classes Bourrienne certainly did not belong; whether he was honest enough for the second class seems, after consideration of his own statements, doubtful; that he was ranked far beneath it by the Bonapartists is quite manifest. Without accepting the Bonapartist view formulated by Savary as a charge of peculation, the reader of this book can hardly help believing with the new editor that Bonaparte, after a year's further experience, discarded Bourrienne as a trickster who made use of his official knowledge and power to carry on questionable speculations. It is, however, credible that he was glad to get this excuse for ridding himself of one who, having been his schoolfellow and a helpmate in climbing upwards, was too intimate, and at the same time not nearly devoted enough, to be the Mercury of an Imperial thunderer. There were three honest men at Court who continued for many years after 1802 to serve the despot as instruments, not as advisers—Duroc, Rapp, and Meneval. The two first are by Bourrienne repeatedly spoken of with respect, and they seem to have acted towards him with friendliness. Meneval he might have been expected to dislike, as he was superseded by him after training him in his secretarial duties; in point of fact, he writes of Meneval quite respectfully, and it is Meneval on whom the editor relies as witness against Bourrienne on the charge of illicit "financing," *Culpatur a laudato viro*. Rebutting Savary's

\* *Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*. By his Private Secretary, M. de Bourrienne. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by Colonel R. W. Phipps. With Map and Illustrations. London: Richard Bentley & Son.



accusation on the plea that he never had the charge of public money, he seems to evade the charge which rests on the testimony of one whom he himself praises. After the second dismissal he was neglected by Bonaparte for a year, and then he was one day missed by him when some special bit of information was required; an order given for his being summoned by letter to give this information was, he understood, cancelled at the instigation of some enemy who was not named to him. Half a year later he was sent for to talk of Moreau's trial; it would seem that Bonaparte thought highly of his intelligence, and treated him as a dispassionate representative of enlightened Parisians. He says that he plainly told him that he had been deceived by intrigues, that this plain-speaking was not resented, and that the patron was gracious. In the absence of countervailing evidence it may be held that Bourrienne's comradeship and activity of mind would have done something to save the great man from those dark deeds which in 1804 marred his character and earned for him implacable enmities. The Duros had not the wit, the Talleyrands had not the rectitude, for rightly counselling the magnificent soldier when he was tried, as no one else has ever been tried, by hard circumstances and freshness of dominion. May it not be said that in the year of the real and the imaginary conspiracies the government of France suffered from the want of a good newspaper writer, that it blundered and sinned more from blindness than from malice? If so, Napoleon is to be pitied for having parted with the secretary who was not afraid to play the censor. Nine months after the remarkable conversation about Moreau's trial, Bourrienne was compensated for the loss of his office, and also for the loss of a house and furniture, by being sent to Hamburg on a somewhat important mission; thenceforth he ceased to be conversant with his employer's affairs and purposes to such a degree as to be a memoir writer of authority. He was nominally the diplomatic representative of France in a sovereign State, the free city of Hamburg, which, for diplomatic purposes, was the capital of the Hanse Towns; two reigning Dukes were thrown in to amplify the appointment. He remained in Hamburg till it had become the most valuable Continental town after Paris; and without a revolution he was, by the Napoleonic art of control, transmuted into a sort of prefect. He says that his instructions were couched in these oracular terms:—"Go to Hamburg. I have formed some projects respecting Germany in which you can be useful to me; it is there I will give a mortal blow to England." He was to be strict with *émigrés* (this word has a different connotation from the word "emigrants" which the book gives); he was to correspond as Minister with Talleyrand; he was to correspond also with Fouché, and, when he had anything particular to communicate, with the Emperor himself. Did he thus correspond? If so, do his letters exist? The Memoirs contain some documents of the Hamburg years, but none that directly concern the author as resident minister or as secret agent. His appointment seems to have lapsed when the Hanse Towns were in 1810 annexed to the French Empire; he was succeeded by a military governor, having previously fretted at the intrusion of military agents; thenceforth he was, by order, treated with suspicion and severity, and we are obliged to believe that he deserved this treatment. As a chronicler of events, as a reporter of conversations held with officers of the Empire, he is, for these later years, particularly after the year 1810, disqualified not so much by the acerbity of a sufferer as by estrangement from the Napoleonic party and by absence from the historic fields. He is, nevertheless, a considerable witness and a competent critic when he speaks of Napoleon's blockades and confiscations, and it is when he is sketching the prominent features of this astonishing tyranny that he gives a peculiarly new set of impressions to readers acquainted only with the current histories of the French Empire. We are not told whether any portions of his Memoirs were worked up from diaries written by himself when the things recorded were fresh. He came out as an author in 1829, and he says that his composition was deferred for want of a safe and leisurely home; he was a man of broken fortunes when he made his book. The delay was not long enough to invalidate his accusations; he published them whilst there were still alive many faithful adherents of the Empire, many speculators who had made money out of Imperial licences for the import of British and colonial produce, many Bonapartists by whom he had been denounced as a robber and a traitor. By the Bonapartists his book was severely and minutely sifted; and their critical work is cited very often by the new editor. If he does justice to it, as he seems to have been bent on doing, and if they wrote all that could be written to expose the mendacity of Bourrienne, it may be concluded that, apart from his rather clumsy suppression of facts that damaged his own reputation, he was in 1829 as veracious as one can be expected to be who in the decline of life, after the loss of character and of friendships, after fourteen years of inactivity, sits down in a country house, without any aids, to sort his reminiscences. There have been exiles and deserters more bitter than Bourrienne; he is less hateful to the Napoleonists than Chateaubriand and Jomini. He is, in fact, not a harsh judge of Napoleon; it is Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte whom he persistently runs down; he hates the Bonaparte family, and cherishes the Beauharnais; both these sentiments are held in an intellectual solution. He was probably something worse than an accomplice in the odious extortion practised by the Emperor incidentally in the working out of the wild scheme for impoverishing England. There is no proof, but there is a suspicion, that when he sold licences for trade in contraband goods he did not always keep up to that level of fair dealing which Louis XVIII. arranged with

the courtier hired by Fouché—he did not "go halves" with Napoleon, but cheated him. He may have been what Napoleon told Davoust that he was, guilty of "robberies"—that is to say, of appropriations or "virements," which the First Consul, before he was corrupted by power, would have abhorred, which the Emperor, in the bad years that began with the campaign of Eylau, reserved for his prerogative. But the present editor is content to fix upon his author one solid charge, established by the culprit's own statements—the charge of stealing autograph documents which were entrusted to his keeping when he was the First Consul's private secretary. It is desirable that all aspirants to office should have it impressed on them that this is an unpardonable offence. But to the student of history, eager for secrets, it may perhaps seem a deplorable weakness of Bourrienne's that, having a buried box full of esoteric history, he made no use of it in his Memoirs. Talleyrand said that Bourrienne could not be anything but a "pauvre diable"; one sees that he did not sin quite hard enough.

These handsome volumes contain, as the title-page indicates, a considerable bulk of statement not made by Bourrienne. This addition was perhaps required to make the third volume big enough to match the other two. As it includes narratives of several campaigns, it is obviously out of keeping with the remarkably bloodless Memoirs. At the same time, these military chapters are quite unsatisfactory, for their substance has been overlaid by more recent histories, and they cannot be taken to represent the current knowledge of the fairly well-informed civilian, much less of the Staff College graduate. If the publishers meant to give us a full-length Bonaparte, it is a pity they did not insert in the first volume a chapter about the siege of Toulon and another about the first Italian campaign. Nothing can be more inconsistent with itself than a book which, whilst it gives no account of Jena and Friedland and Borodino, goes into details about brigades and regiments that fought at Quatre Bras, a battle of blunders in which Napoleon was not engaged at all. If we had Bourrienne pure and simple, we should make allowances for his personal inconsistency and his strategical feebleness when he touches Marengo or Austerlitz. Those pages would be tolerated on the first, skipped on the second, reading. But a solid Waterloo chapter issued under the auspices of a scientific soldier ought to be in 1885 a good deal more instructive. We do not care to go back to the "Up, Guards, and at 'em" of the William IV. times, nor does the editor set this old-fashioned narrative straight by adding two or three references, however valuable in themselves, to Muffling. Amongst the incrustations may be noted with gratitude a convenient and well-proportioned abstract of biographical details concerning the Bonapartes, the Marshals, and some of the civil servants of Napoleon. It would be ungracious to say that the original narrative was unworthy of the research bestowed on it by Colonel Phipps and by Mr. Richard Bentley, whom he names as his literary helpmate; they have certainly furnished us with a very useful guide to Napoleonic history. The best thing, apart from the Memoirs, that the third volume contains is Lord Ebrington's account of his long talk with the Emperor at Elba; as a pendant to this we have a scrap from Basil Hall's neat and sagacious "Fragments," which helps us to imagine what General Bonaparte looked like at Longwood at the end of the second year of his second insulation.

It may be remembered that, when the news of Napoleon's death reached England, there was one English soldier that grieved with vehement sorrow; this was the historian and light-infantry man, William Napier; his love of Napoleon was the crown of his chivalrous affection for the French army, to which he has done a greater service than any French writer of narrative. The artillery officer who has edited Bourrienne has in his measure paid a similar tribute to the chief of Frenchmen; he expresses a somewhat stern sentiment, an austere sort of generosity, in some critical notes and in a chapter given up to the second funeral, the national ceremony of 1840. This chapter ends with a passage which sounds well and bears inspection:—

Posterity will remember more of the great Emperor than his military glory. We may leave in the grave of Napoleon his many faults and sins. All that was bad and all that was vile in his nature is in no need of fresh historians; we have had enough and to spare of the seamy side of his life from the pens of those who ate his bread and flattered him in his time of power. But the present generation is too likely to ignore his good qualities. With him "despotism was a means, not an end." He sought power for no ignoble purposes. The contempt for sloth, lucre, disorder, and empty theories, the eye so quick to see the decisive point of any question, the power of mind and determination of brain which gave the world the Codes, the far-reaching ambition, the constant looking forward to the judgment of posterity, the noble sacrifice of the present for the future—all these are qualities too rare for the world to overlook.

Perhaps the wars are not of more importance than the Codes; but we cannot outgrow our inherited habits so completely as to escape the fascination of the wars, nor can we account for the Europe into which the editor must have been born without reckoning the effects of, at least, the three first wars with Austria and the first war with Prussia.

In submission to the editor, let us refrain from quoting this book for samples of Napoleon's frailty; let us rather pluck out of the heap of illustrative matter this one pearl. A clause of the will runs thus:—

Item: To Larrey, Surgeon-in-Chief, one hundred thousand francs. He is the most virtuous man I have known.

Napoleon [says the note] in 1813 became uneasy at the number of conscripts who were found after the battles injured in their hands, and who

were believed to have maimed themselves purposely to avoid service. Larrey opposed this belief; and, braving Napoleon's anger at his interference, proved that the injuries were caused by the inexperience of the men, who, when in the rear ranks, fired against the hands of those in front—a thing easy to do in the three and four-deep formations of the French.

### THREE NOVELS.\*

THE veteran inventor—if it is not rude to call a lady a veteran—of the modern school of sensational fiction has in *Wyllard's Weird* reverted to her "first manner" as an artist. The plot of her tale is in the highest degree exciting. As a train from Plymouth to Bodmin was crossing a viaduct, of which the wooden palisade had been temporarily removed for repairs, a young girl either threw herself or was thrown into the chasm below. Who was she? A dozen men rushed out of the train and down the bank, but not one of them could even hazard a guess as to the identity of the pretty young woman out of whom the life had been crushed before their hurried steps had brought them to the spot. "What in mercy's name made her do it?" said one of the spectators of the ghastly scene; "was she frightened by some ruffian in the train, or did she want to make away with herself?" This is the question the coroner's jury could not solve. The coroner, Mr. Heathcote, was a shrewd lawyer, who had inherited an estate and turned country gentleman. He was just the sort of man who might be expected to fathom the mystery, but he could not get to the bottom of it. He had no doubt that the girl had been murdered, but he could elicit no proof of the fact. Still less could he lay his finger on the murderer. A famous London lawyer with an almost unerring flair for a criminal was equally puzzled, and as completely baffled. Mr. Wyllard, a neighbouring magistrate, was at least as eager as his neighbour and former rival, Heathcote (Heathcote had been engaged to the girl who had married Wyllard), that the murder should be proved and the assassin brought to judgment. Wyllard was universally looked up to and respected. He was popular in the county. He was generous and open-handed, tall and stately of form, and pleasing of feature. He had a beautiful smile, an infectious laugh, and a voice of rare compass and power. If he had wronged Heathcote by winning away his affianced bride, he had the rare generosity to pardon the man he had injured. Heathcote, on his side, had long condoned his neighbour's offence, and was on cordial terms with the man who had supplanted and with the woman who had jilted him. No money, no bag, no marked handkerchief, not a clue of any kind had been found on the corpse. Even her nationality could not be established, though from her dress she appeared to be a Frenchwoman. At the adjourned inquest suspicion, but of the vaguest kind, fell upon one of the witnesses who refused to answer the lawyer's questions as to how he had spent his time in Plymouth while he was waiting for the train. Bothwell Grahame was just the sort of person whom people are ready to suspect of anything. He had sold out of the army, he had no occupation, and he did little but smoke innumerable pipes and hang about the house of his cousin Mrs. Wyllard, who had always been to him as a sister. The jury could not legally brand him as a murderer merely because he was sullen and silent when unpleasantly cross-examined by a prejudiced lawyer; but Mrs. Grundy had no such scruples. The neighbourhood "knew" that Bothwell Grahame had thrown the girl out of the railway-carriage, and the clergyman of the parish refused to allow him to come to Holy Communion. Now Bothwell Grahame was in love with Heathcote's sister, and wanted to marry her. With the view of establishing this young man's innocence before giving his sanction to Hilda's engagement (if he had another secret motive, it must be looked for in Miss Braddon's pages and not in ours), Heathcote followed up with the pertinacity, and almost with the instinct, of a sleuthhound a slight clue which he thought he had obtained to the identification of the poor girl. He believed her to have been a certain Léonie Lemarque. Yet that young person had only left France the day before the crime had been committed; and no one in the neighbourhood seemed to have been on the look out for the arrival of a French guest or governess or servant. What Heathcote discovered, how he discovered it, and what was the result to himself and others, it is for the author and not for us to tell. We will only remark that, although the plot is skilful and clever and admirably worked out, a novel-reader, worthy of the name, unravels the mystery much sooner than the astute magistrates and lawyers. He kills too soon, and before he has had as good a run as he had a right to expect. *Wyllard's Weird* is, however, an exceedingly clever and skillfully-told tale. It is pleasantly free from the recondite historical and mythological allusions to which the author has been lately over-much addicted. Miss Braddon is one of the few writers who combines with the power of inventing an intricate plot the art of painting real men and women with marked and distinct individualities. Almost every one in this novel is a person whom we might have met, and whom we could never have mistaken for a marionette or for a ghost. Mme. de Maucroix and Lady Valeria Harborough are perhaps in their respective and very different

ways a little stagey, but they are not lay figures. We must refer to one or two passages which have particularly struck us for their humour or for their wit and wisdom. We warn the reader not to skip the clever comparison or contrast (only to be made by a clever woman) between bonnets as made at Bodmin and bonnets as fabricated in Bavaria. How shrewd and sensible is this remark of Heathcote:—"As a lawyer, I have found imagination the most useful faculty of brain." Painfully true to some men's nature is the picture of Léonie Lemarque's remorseful murderer "seeking comfort in the universal despondency" of such metaphysicians as Hartmann and Schopenhauer. One word of criticism from the delightful old French artist, M. Tillet, whom we have not even introduced to our readers. "Your Leighton has grace and a fine feeling for beauty, but he is cold and shadowy. Your Millais has a Rubens-like brio, but he paints with a butter-knife."

*Elfrica* is an "historical romance of the twelfth century" and is fairly consonant with facts. Its main defect as a story is its lack of absorbing interest in the fortunes of any of its personages. To speak plainly, we miss the love-making which should be the backbone of every novel—even of an historical romance. Sir John De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, woos the Princess of Mona very prettily, but, although to the parties principally concerned,

Happy's the wooing  
That's not long a-doing,

a true novel-reader does not like Jemmy to win his Jessamy too soon. The story how the ancestor of the Lords Kingsale won for himself and his heirs the right to wear their hats in the presence of royalty is told with considerable spirit. But when the Champion of Philip Augustus turned tail and fled from the lists, is it not rather strong to make the King of Spain, who was looking on, anticipate Falstaff's immortal axiom that discretion is the better part of valour? And we cannot quite believe that Richard Cœur de Lion foresaw and foretold the discovery of America. If the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of Dublin come across Mrs. Boger's book, we trust that the fact mentioned in it of Queen Victoria's direct and undoubted descent from a Milesian king may awaken their dead or dormant loyalty. With regard to England's hitherto futile attempt to reconcile Irish irreconcilables, the author quotes a beautiful passage from the Talmud which English statesmen and English folks generally will do well to lay to heart:—"The day is short and the work is great; the reward also is great, and the Master presses. It is not incumbent on thee to finish thy work, but thou must not therefore cease from it."

Detailed criticism would be thrown away on the flighty and eccentric book called *The Dawn of Day*. Dr. Harold Harman is the only son of a baronet, at whose death he declines to assume the title, all honorary distinctions being in his sapient mind badges of inequality. The Doctor is the most rampant of Nihilists, the most illogical of Communists. He falls in love with a ballet-dancer whose mother is his own stepmother. Miss Dora Townley is, however, unaware of her relationship to Lady Harman when she curses her mother with an unction which would have stirred the envy of Erulphus himself. The Townley girls and their brother were persons of gentle blood and gentle culture who had fallen into a state of poverty. Their most congenial friend and quasi-guardian was a cobbler, and as mouthing a Red Republican as the self-deposing Baronet. He talked a great deal of idiocy which we are called upon to admire as wisdom. He was also irresistibly witty, and the author seems to pause for roars of applause and convulsive laughter when Bill Sutton calls an oculist "a ospilist," and talks of a man using "masticulation" when he means *gesticulation*. The author's anarchists are all very pious in their way; but the clergy of the Establishment are all wicked and contemptible, and a bishop is introduced into the tale for the sole purpose of gibbeting him as an Atheist. We do not believe that the author, who once wrote a fairly good Irish novel, would hang or even flog a marquess or a dean who may fall into his clutches if he ever becomes President of the chaotic Republic he sighs for. But his English story is a sad falling off. We should hardly have guessed that *Thy Name is Truth* was by the same person but for an occasional piece of phraseology which reads oddly to a Saxon. He still speaks of a pair of tongs as "a tongs"; he still writes "able for" when he means "capable of"; and he makes an English footman say "He is, sir," when that functionary in real life would respond to a question by the monosyllable "Yes."

### OSBORNE GORDON.\*

IN a passage of the Memoir preceding these selected sermons (for such, with an appendix of a few Latin speeches, are the "writings" which form the staple of this book) the editor speaks with such complete frankness that it is only fair to quote him. "But the result," he says, after giving a short, and we should say not very favourable, anthology of the late Mr. Osborne Gordon's conversational *mots*—"but the result is in all such cases akin to disappointment. . . . We retain the tradition of [such men's] power and brilliancy, but have lost the evidence." With a frankness which Mr. Marshall's own frankness deserves, we shall confess that the result of this volume is a disappointment—at least to

\* *Wyllard's Weird*. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret" &c. 3 vols. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1885.

*Elfrica*. By Mrs. Edmund Boger, Author of "Southwark and its Story." 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1885.

*The Dawn of Day*. By the Author of "Thy Name is Truth." 3 vols. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1885.

\* Osborne Gordon: a Memoir, with a Selection of his Writings. Edited by Geo. Marshall. London and Oxford: Parker. 1885.



those who knew Osborne Gordon by repute only. After thirty years' residence in Oxford, for nearly the whole of which time he was student, and for great part of it censor, of Christ Church, he left the University to take the College living of Easthamstead, and he was but little "up" afterwards, though he sometimes examined and sometimes preached. During at least the first decade of his absence, however, his fame was still great as a scholar, an administrator, and a sayer of sharp things. Afterwards it seems to have waned—at least there was, if we mistake not, a very ignorant and unworthy cavil raised by some people when he was appointed by Lord Salisbury (who, like Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ruskin, and other persons of distinction, had been his pupil) on the University Commission five years ago. Those, however, who, without knowing him personally, had known Oxford when his fame was still fresh, are likely to take up this book with something like eagerness. We do not say that they will put it down unread, but their eagerness will certainly change into something, in the words of the editor, "akin to disappointment." Mr. Marshall has loyally sought from various friends of Mr. Osborne Gordon's—Sir R. Lingen at the head of them—what details he could get for the *Life*, and has added what he himself knew; but the result comes to very little. Among the friends consulted was the Bishop of Manchester, and he has put vigorously and, we should suppose, without any exaggeration that repute to which we have already referred. "I have seldom," he says, "met an abler man; so full of common sense, of a power to grasp things in their reality, of a dry and caustic but never ill-natured humour." But of proofs of these good things there is between the covers of this volume very little. The sermons are excellent sermons in their way, as vigorous in reason as steadfast in orthodoxy; but they scarcely attempt to gain, and certainly do not succeed in gaining, a place among the few lasting monuments which each generation contributes to this class of literature. In the *Life* we have the famous Greek epigram on the eight lines of which Mr. Gordon's literary reputation is likely to rest, and which, by an odd chance, seems originally to have had something very like a false quantity in it. We are told how Mr. Gordon was liked by his pupils at Christ Church and by his parishioners at Easthamstead; how he was a clear-headed University administrator, and, despite his steady Toryism, an active University reformer; how he put the church and the glebe of his rectory in proper order; how he taught a proctor (he must have been a singularly stupid proctor) to catch men who were tandem-driving, and so forth. But, to speak the honest truth, we close the book without a much clearer idea of Osborne Gordon than we had when we first heard of him at Oxford more than twenty years ago, and certainly without being in possession of any further evidence of great literary power on his part.

We should, indeed, take leave to doubt whether any such power existed. That he was a man of exceptionally great general power is sufficiently proved not merely by the opinions of private friends, but by those of persons who worked with him on the various public Commissions (for he was on more than one) to which he was appointed. That general ability applied to classical studies made him an excellent scholar just as, applied to the government of a college or the administration of a parish, it made him an excellent man of business. But if it had been specially directed into the ways of literature by any strong literary vocation or taste, it may be pretty confidently stated that its evidences would not have been confined to eight lines of Greek elegiacs and to some capital official Latin speeches, with a few sermons somewhat above, but not much above, the average University-parochial sermon in style and thought. This result, too, is the result of fifty years of comparative leisure; for resident dons even of Gordon's energetic turn were not overcome with work in the second quarter of this century whatever they may be now, and a country parish has frequently left even the most scrupulous dischargers of their functions time for abundant and monumental literary work. We can only therefore conclude that, as Osborne Gordon was certainly not a mere self-indulgent dreamer or dilettante, and was of equal certainty a man of great intellectual power, he did not find his proper vocation—that he was by nature a judge, or a permanent secretary, or a director, or something of the executive kind rather than a student and a clother of the results of study in words. Everything that came to his hand to do he appears to have done irreproachably, and his College (to speak accurately, his House) and his parish were both very much the better for him. It is natural that this book should have been written; but perhaps it would have been wiser if it had not been written, or had been written differently. For there will certainly be some readers who will feel the absence of the "things done that took the eye and had the price," without considering that a man who does his appointed work well for fifty years has, after all, done something not small.

#### THE CYCLADES.\*

A BETTER book in its way than Mr. Bent's *Cyclades* we have not read for long, if we may parody F. Bayham's remark on that fine fish, the lobster, which was served up to him at the Back Kitchen. Mr. Bent has had the luck and skill to discover a mine of various interests in the Isles of Greece, and he has worked the

vein with admirable thoroughness. Few regions are less known to the European tourist than

the sprinkled isles,  
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,  
And laugh their pride when the light wave lips "Greece."

Travelling in the Cyclades is rough; you may be storm-stayed, and glad to shoot pigs for your daily pork, like a painter lately, or you may have to fight with ravens for the waterpools on the heights, after the manner described by Viljoison. Mr. Bent and Mrs. Bent were never quite so unlucky; but all distress from weather, from "curious things to eat," and curious things that eat you and that are described by Aristophanes and About, were borne by this much-enduring pair of wanderers. They had their reward. The Cyclades are the isles where every variety of human life has left its mark and its descendants. From the prehistoric villages, under the pumice and lava of Thera, to the historic Greek settlements, to the Venetian, Persian, Turkish, and French settlers, all the various *couches* of humanity have deposited their traditions, material relics, and superstitious fancies in Cycladean soil or Cycladean custom. The ancient Greek religion is not extinct. The Nereids are in full force, and an extant "Mrs. Gamp" is known to have practised on an interesting occasion in Nereid domestic life. The volcano is called the Hephæstus. Birds and goats are sacrificed when a new house is built. The old popular games are played, the old popular songs are chanted. The volcanic forces at Thera have raised a rock in the shape of a ship out of the sea; precisely what must have occurred in the harbour of Scheria, where the Phæacians explained the event by feigning that Poseidon turned one of their vessels into a stone. They have offices of the Church to drive out mice and rats, instead of trusting to Apollo Smintheus. At Seriphos the old coins with Medusa's head are still dug up, and the people explain Medusa as the first queen who dwelt in the ruined castle. It is a more modern faith that a basketful of good things is let down out of heaven on the day of Our Lord's transfiguration. Still, when you sacrifice to the Nereids, you must leave the offering and hurry away without looking back, as in the Theocritean idyl on the first exploit of Hercules. Still, the Nereids kidnap children, fly in the currents of wind (though not to the cry of *Horse and hattock!*); still, like Peleus, a man may win a Nereid bride if he has skill and courage to hold her through all her transformations. In short, the Nereids retain all the qualities possessed by their kindred, the Scotch fairies, the Apsaras of India, the sky maidens of Maori and Red Indian fancy. There is even room for treasure-hunters in the Cyclades. On a smooth rock hard of access in Seriphos a peasant last year discovered this ancient inscription:—

HENTE AN EMOY HENTE AHO ZOY ΘΗΣΑΥΡΟΝ  
ΟΡΥΓΕ.

"Fire from me, five from you, dig up a treasure." What Hellenic Captain Kidd has left his hoardings here, and how are we to interpret "Five from me, five from thee"? The Siphniote potters yet toil at their wheel, in the very attitude of the craft as represented on Greek vases. The wit of the people takes the classical form of riddles. "What sort of chicken is that which they scrape and cut, and then the shoemaker uses his feathers in his art?" Answer (no one need give it up):—"A pig!" The rustics cut their own shoon out of rough pig's hide, like Eumæus whom Odysseus found thus employed:—"Now he was fitting sandals to his feet; cutting a rough brown oxhide." Still the temples of the nymphs remain, hewn in the rock, and inscribed ΝΥΜΦΩΝ ΙΕΡΟΝ, the *στοιχεία* (*Vuis*, the Melanesians call them) yet haunt the holy place. Vampires (*Βρουκόλακες*) are as common as blackberries. The dead returns and "feeds on his own," so the saying goes, and the dogs howl in the streets, as in the second idyl of Theocritus. But the Vampire's body they no longer exhume and burn, the clergy forbid the rite. A curious ecclesiastical service for the release of body and soul is performed, and the Vampire's bones may be heard rattling in the grave. Diseases are cured, as in Homer's time and that of Sophocles, by incantations. The sun is still reckoned to be a magnified non-natural man; he devours his family when his supper is not ready, and the bloodshed shows itself in the red hues of sunset. *Æsop's Fables* endure in the popular mouth, just as they were before some Greek bookmaker or folklorist collected them. While every page of Mr. Bent's book is rich in these living popular antiquities, he discourses in notes of the cold remains of the past—statues, coins, vases, buildings, inscriptions, the great Naxian unfinished statue, still lying, half-created, half-imbedded in marble, in the quarry. This work is thirty-four feet long, and was to represent a bearded Apollo. In Lesbos fire is still carried from place to place in the Narthex of Prometheus. The simple mythical invention holds its own in the age of Bryant & May. The archaic lion of Keos, nine yards long, is not less interesting than the unfinished Naxian Apollo; so ancient is the lion that it seems to have given rise to a myth. These things are but specimen bricks from the house, examples of the great and lively interest of *The Cyclades*, a work equally desirable for the archaeologist, the historian, the geographer, the student of folk-lore, and the curious traveller.

\* *The Cyclades; or, Life among the Insular Greeks.* By Theodore Bent. London: Longmans. 1885.

## BOOKS ABOUT THE AMERICAN STAGE.\*

VERY few English dramatic critics are at all familiar with the many books about the American stage, biographies and autobiographies, memoirs and monographs, which often shed light on disputed points of English stage-history. The late Dutton Cook, for example, knew only of the three biographies of Junius Brutus Booth, and Dutton Cook was a writer of unusually wide reading in dramatic bibliography. At all times this connexion between the English stage and the American stage has been close and persistent. Just now Mr. Henry Irving is in America, and Miss Mary Anderson is in England. An English actor looks forward to a tour of the United States as an American actor looks forward to an engagement in London. And so it has been for now nearly a hundred years. The first great American actor, Thomas Abthorp Cooper, was an Englishman by birth and the pupil of William Godwin; he acted in England for a few times and then went to America, and when, in after years and as the head of the dramatic profession in America, he returned to England, he was supposed to be an American. In the quaint old churchyard of St. Paul's Church, one of the most venerable and attractive of the churches of New York, there stands a monument to one of the greatest of English actors, George Frederick Cooke, who died in New York; and the sides of this monument set forth that it was erected by Edmund Kean, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, that it has been restored by Charles Kean, of the Royal Princess's Theatre, and that it has been repaired by E. A. Sothorn, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. To this linking of the English stage with the American the three books before us bear witness. The first is a biography of John Howard Payne, a native American who spent much of his life in England, who was for awhile the hack-dramatist of one of the London patent houses, and who wrote perhaps the most typical of all English songs. The second is a biography of William E. Burton, an Englishman by birth, who went to America, and became one of the foremost of American actors and managers. The third is a criticism of the performances given in New York by the leading English actor of our time.

Of these three books, varying in value and in permanent interest, the first is of least importance. The life of John Howard Payne was adventurous enough to deserve a more precise and a more picturesque narrator than Mr. Gabriel Harrison, who has only one of the indispensable requisites of a biographer—zeal. He is careless and uncritical, but his book contains the main facts of Payne's life. While a mere boy Payne went on the stage as the American Infant Roscius; he edited a weekly theatrical paper while yet in his teens; he came to England and acted at the leading English theatres; he wrote plays in abundance, original and adaptations; he prepared for Edmund Kean the tragedy of *Brutus*, which is little more than a highly effective *pasticcio* of the preceding plays on the same subject, but which, thanks to Junius Brutus Booth and Mr. Edwin Booth, keeps the stage to this day in the United States; he travelled through Europe, picking up in Sicily the air to which he afterwards wrote "Home, Sweet Home"; he resided in Paris as the agent of the London managers; he was the friend and correspondent of Charles Lamb, whose letters to him were printed not long ago in the *Century* magazine; he returned to the United States and projected grandiose literary enterprises; he was appointed United States Consul to Tunis, and reappointed to the same position after another return to his own country; and at Tunis he died. Among the illustrations of Mr. Harrison's book is a facsimile of an autograph letter of introduction from Edmund Kean to the manager of the Birmingham theatre. It is to be noted, also, that the book has an excellent index.

Mr. Keese's book about Burton is a book of another sort altogether. It is a monograph written as a labour of love, and with the aid of the surviving members of the actor's family. It is a simple and sympathetic biographical sketch, giving exactly the facts of Burton's career, and describing fully his qualities as a comedian and his qualifications as a manager. William Evans Burton was born in London, in 1804, and he was educated at St. Paul's School, as had been Elliston and Charles Mathews, who were at the head of the theatrical profession when Burton was conning his Latin grammar. At eighteen he undertook the management of his father's printing office, to which he soon added the editing of a magazine. Then he took to private theatricals, and in 1821 he was performing with a provincial company on the Norwich, Sussex, and Kent circuits. In 1831 he made his first appearance in London as Wormwood in *The Lottery Ticket*; and he soon after wrote *Ellen Wareham*, a play which had a great success in the minor theatres of London, having been performed at no less than five of them on the same evening. In 1834 Burton went to America, where he lived until his death in 1860, and where he soon established his reputation as one of the best of the broadly British low comedians who had ever visited the United States. The broad low comedian, of whom Wright and Buckstone are the most obvious examples, is a purely

British product; and Burton was one of the broadest and most unctuously humorous of his class. For fourteen years Burton remained chiefly in Philadelphia, acting and growing in reputation as an actor, managing a theatre, and even for a while two theatres, and editing the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with Edgar Allan Poe for his inconsequent and brilliant assistant. That Poe and Burton should have quarrelled seems inevitable to any one who understands the character of either; and, since they quarrelled bitterly, the evidence of either touching the other is not to be taken without sifting and salt. In 1848 the comedian moved to New York and opened Burton's Theatre, which he managed for eight years, and which he made the foremost in America and a worthy rival of the very best in London at that time. Mr. Keese gives us rich and warmly-coloured sketches of the chief performers of the incomparable company which Burton gathered about him and which he directed with skill and enterprise. The first great and overwhelming success of the theatre was with a dramatization of *Dombey and Son* by John Brougham, with the adaptor as Bunsby and Bagstock, and with Burton as Captain Cuttle. A little later came a second success, Morris Barnett's *Serious Family*, in which Burton played Aminadab Sleek. It is curious to note that three parts in this play have at different times been made of first importance. In the recent revival of *Le Mari à la Campagne* at the Théâtre Français M. Coquelin played the husband; in Mr. Burnand's version Mr. Charles Coghlan gave prominence to the *Colonel*, while in Barnett's earlier adaptation, Aminadab Sleek in Burton's hands cast all the other characters into the shade. In 1856 Burton moved to a new theatre in New York, and in 1858 he gave this up and went starring, dying in 1860 from a cold caught in Canada. Burton was a scholar, and, like Garrick and Kemble in the past, and Mr. Irving and M. Coquelin in the present, he was fond of books. As became a man educated in the school where Strype, Melton, Pepys, and Sir Philip Francis had been bred, he had accumulated a large library remarkably rich in theatrical annals. Mr. Keese gives us an interesting account of this library; and all American dramatic collectors are familiar with the books in a simple and uniform half-binding and stamped with a binding-tool facsimile of the signature of "H. E. Burton." Mr. Keese has prepared a list of all the characters performed by Burton; and such a list ought to be found in every histrionic biography. His book has also an ample and accurate index.

There have been nearly a dozen books about Mr. Henry Irving, and of most of them the less said the better. A biography of a man yet alive and in the flesh is little better than an impertinence, and Mr. Irving has been visited with not a little impertinence of this sort. But criticism is always in order; and, although criticism of a living celebrity is not quite as dispassionate and impersonal as criticism ought to be, yet honest and learned criticism is welcome at all times. Mr. Winter's beautifully printed little book is in the main criticism, and it is the criticism of a writer fond of the theatre, learned in its lore, acute in his perceptions, and possessed of the gift of style. His book, as the preface informs us, is designed a double debt to pay; it is a record of Henry Irving's professional career upon the New York stage, and it is also and especially a study of his acting. In both respects it is admirable. The record is exact, ample, and accurate; it gives the dates and facts of Mr. Irving's performances in New York, and the roll of the Lyceum company during both visits to America; it includes the brief addresses to the public of Mr. Irving himself. The criticism is acute in its insight, and incisive in its expression. The epithets which suggest themselves as we read Mr. Winter's pages are fine, strong, and vigorous. Here, for instance, is what he says of Mr. Irving's Louis XI.:—

The strangeness and the eccentricities of Mr. Irving adjust themselves to this character in his performance of it, precisely as they did in his assumption of Mathias. The execution matches the ideal. The part is full of abrupt transitions—from weakness to strength; from fear to frenzy; from deadly, implacable resolution to pious and contrite humility; from the easy mood of hypocritical humour to the sudden, hideous joy of triumphant malice; and this long fever of craft, wickedness, and pain is rounded at last with a frightened and frightful death. All along the line of the part, accordingly, are excellent opportunities for this actor's incessant vitality and complex method, and especially for that picturesque mystery of manner through which his magnetism plays, like the lightning in the cloud. The wan face, the dark and sunken eyes, the thick black eyebrows, the lowering, evanescent smile, the rapid yet stealthy movements—all these characteristics of Louis Mr. Irving has reproduced. His royalty is innate, precisely as it was in *Charles I.*, and, although this is a monarch who cares little for the mere shows of sovereignty, and can unbend and be familiar and even jocose for a purpose, he remains a monarch in every instant of his being by virtue of that indefinable but undeniable majesty of character which makes certain men the superiors of their race.—Pp. 29, 30.

If space did not fail us, we should like to quote at length from the pregnant chapter on the "Influence of the Stage," the pages of which are especially pertinent just now that the theatre, its deeds and its misdeeds, have been taken up as a subject for the polite debating societies of our monthly Reviews.

## THE ROYAL MAIL.\*

EVERY business and profession, however prosaic it may be in its ordinary routine, is probably from time to time enlivened by humorous, romantic, or even occasionally heroic incidents; and

\* John Howard Payne, Dramatist, Poet, Actor, and Author of "Home, Sweet Home"; his Life and Writings. By Gabriel Harrison. With Illustrations. Revised Edition. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co.

William E. Burton, Actor, Author, and Manager: a Sketch of his Career, with Recollections of his Performances. By William L. Keese. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Henry Irving. By William Winter. New York: George J. Coombes.

\* The Royal Mail; its Curiosities and Romance. By James Wilson Hyde. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1885.



in those cases where the hurry and rush of modern life tend to make the performance of business more mechanical, and therefore less interesting, than in earlier days, there is always the resource of a closer study of those bygone times; and antiquarian interests may thus to some extent supply the lack of romance in the everyday life of the present time.

This is to a very great extent the case with the business of carrying the mails. Mr. Hyde, in his book called *The Royal Mail*, regrets that nowadays the public know little and care less about the machinery which brings them their letters. He admits that people do recognize the existence of letter-carriers, but it is probable, notwithstanding his appeals on their behalf, that letter-sorters and other useful servants of the department will remain "unsung" for all time to come. Mr. Hyde's work, however, certainly shows that, even at the present time, the business conducted by the Post Office is not unfrequently enlivened by romantic incidents; while in antiquarian interest it is rich beyond the average. There is considerable uncertainty about the time when letters for private individuals were first carried by the Government, but this was probably done as early as the Wars of the Roses; it was not, however, till the time of Charles I. that the Government established a regular system of inland posts. Letters were then carried by mounted messengers, and the inscriptions frequently found on these ancient missives show that their writers did not commit them to the care of the post-boys without some misgivings as to their ultimate fate. "Be this letter delivered with haste, haste, haste!" "Post haste! Ride, villain, ride for thy life!" and other similar inscriptions indicate anything but a calm assurance that the letters would punctually reach their destination. One of the most interesting of Mr. Hyde's chapters is that in which he claims for the department of which he has been a member for twenty-five years the credit of having covered the country with a network of good roads. He says that before the regular establishment of mail-coaches there were few roads in England that were more than mere tracks; sometimes the sandy soil was worn through by the traffic until these tracks were sunk below the surface of the surrounding country from twelve to fourteen yards deep; in other places, where the ground was harder and the so-called road ran parallel with a river, the bed of that river when not in flood was preferred as the easiest and most level track to travel in. The running footmen who attended the chariots of those rich enough to employ them were by no means superfluous luxuries. Their services were frequently required to push the vehicles through sloughs of mud, or, by supporting it first on this side and then on the other, to prevent its being overturned by holes in the road or by ruts that in some instances measured four feet deep. On a journey made in 1703 by Prince George, the husband of Queen Anne, between Windsor and Petworth, hardly a mile was passed without a carriage being overturned or swamped in the mud. The royal carriage was supported by relays of labourers, and even with their help the last nine miles of the journey took six hours to accomplish. A few years later Lord Hervey wrote from Kensington, "The road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad that we live in the same solitude as we would do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us that between them and us there is an impassable gulf of mud." Arthur Young bears frequent testimony to the execrable condition of the roads in his time; and apparently the paved roads of London and Westminster were not much better than the quagmires which passed for roads in the country, for in 1750, on the occasion of the King going in State to the Houses of Parliament, the holes in the streets leading to Westminster had to be filled up with bundles of faggots in order to prevent the coaches in the procession being overturned. How far Mr. Hyde is justified in claiming for the postal service the credit of producing a general improvement in the condition of the roads it is not necessary particularly to inquire. There are some circumstances which suggest that the improvement in the roads preceded by several years the improvement in the mail service, and was effected quite independently of it; but it is certain that the regular and punctual delivery of the mails was absolutely dependent upon the existence of good roads. The pessimists of that day violently objected to the innovation of good roads. In some parts of the country the road-makers were set upon by the country people and half killed; in others the aborigines declared that new roads might be constructed, but that they would remain in the old ones. When the new road was opened between Bath and Marlborough, the driver of the coach, with fine conservative spirit, continued to drive in the old waggon-track; his father and grandfather, he said, had driven the aforesaid way before him, and he would continue in the old track till death.

It is not pointed out by Mr. Hyde that in the history of the Post Office the epoch-making reforms, such as the substitution of mail-coaches for postboys and the introduction of the penny post, have been the work of outsiders, not of officers of the department. The first of these reforms was due to Mr. Palmer, manager of the theatre at Bath and afterwards member for that city. The writings of De Quincey have made every one familiar with the romance of the mail-coach. Many men still living can remember the laurel-decked coach repeatedly bringing down, in the ten years between Trafalgar and Waterloo, the news of victory. And it is difficult to resist De Quincey's conviction that locomotion by steam-kettle can never have the romance associated with the old coaching days. The romance had perhaps some disagreeable

accompaniments; postboys were not infrequently so benumbed by cold that they had to be lifted from their saddles; a light is thrown on the pleasures of travelling by coach by the fact that on a night journey fellow-travellers would sometimes lash themselves together, the right arm of the one to the left arm of the other, as a safeguard against rolling off the top of the coach when overcome by sleep; highwaymen, runaway horses, and broken axletrees probably look more romantic when observed through the halo of years than they did upon nearer view. But notwithstanding all this, the natural man clings to exhilaration, the thrilling sense of power and speed which is felt when sitting behind four galloping horses; the power and speed are of course insignificant compared to those of an express train, but they are much more evident to the senses. The risk of accident is not absent from either kind of locomotion, but the upsetting of a coach is a more attractive kind of disaster than a railway accident. An old Cornish coach-driver recommended a traveller to keep to the roads; pointing with his whip to one of the aerial viaducts of the railway hanging like a thread from hill to hill, he said, "If I turn you over *here*, why here you are; but if they turn you over *there*, why where are you?"

A good deal of the romance of the mail in modern days arises from accidents, frauds, and from other "natural shocks that flesh is heir to." On one occasion the mails from the Cape were so seriously damaged through saturation with sea-water that the department found itself in the embarrassing position of having to deal with 7 lbs. weight of loose diamonds, the addressed covers of which had been reduced to pulp. Half a stone of diamonds wanting owners is suggestive of the Arabian Nights, or at least of Lothair and the "ropes of pearls." On another occasion traces of a mail-bag robbery, which had been committed in 1798, were discovered in 1876, when an old public-house near Selby, in Yorkshire, was pulled down. The demolition of this house brought to light something more startling than the missing mail-bag and the clothes of the robber, for several coffins were found under the foundations, suggesting that the innkeeper had been a friend and colleague of highwaymen and murderers. During the great snowstorm of 1881 a letter posted on January 18 containing a cheque for 1,000*l.* was missing; Mr. Hyde, as a Post Office official, takes a pardonable pride in recording that in the course of a week the search for this letter was successful, for it was found floating in a block of ice in the Thames off Deptford. This story is capped by another, equally creditable to the zeal and assiduity of the Post Office; an American gentleman addressed a letter to his sister "Upper Norwood, or elsewhere," and in a few days it was handed to the addressee on the top of a coach in North Wales!

Frauds on the Post Office have been rendered almost obsolete by the cheap rates of postage, but in the days before the penny post the abuse of the franking privilege was notorious; among the articles that were thus franked in one year were two laundry-maids, a doctor, a cow, and fifteen couple of hounds. One favourite way of cheating the Post Office, especially, it appears, in thrifty Scotland, was that adopted by the Carlyle family. Newspapers were franked, and words making up a sentence were underlined in them as a substitute for a letter. The chief evasion of its rules to which the Post Office is now liable is the attempt to send by post articles for which the department declines to be responsible. Mr. Hyde gives a long list of these things, among which may be mentioned live snakes, beetles, bees, caterpillars, frogs, snails, cartridges, and revolvers. One gentleman whose son had posted a box of white mice waxed exceedingly indignant because the creatures were detained as "contrary to regulations"; he vented his wrath in an eloquent letter:—"Allow me to ask by what law has he" (the postmaster) "dared to delay the delivery? . . . The little animals were in a wooden cage, carefully packed, and could not in any way have been an annoyance; they were not explosive, they were not loose," &c. These inexpressive white mice were carefully fed and attended to during their detention at the Post Office, and eventually their owner, finding his eloquence of no avail, sent and fetched them away. *The Royal Mail* contains many instances of the impression that appears to prevail in some parts of England and the United States that the Post Office is a sort of fountain for every kind of information, and a universal provider into the bargain. Thus a farmer writes to the postmaster of a country town to say he has a thirty-stone pig "now quite ready for killing," and will be glad if the postmaster will find him a customer; another correspondent offers the Postmaster-General some partridges in exchange for a parcel of mithridate mustard; a Frenchman inquires if the Postmaster-General will inform him whether the lady to whom the writer is about to make an offer of marriage is dead or alive; a young lady from the U.S.A. writes a chatty letter to the English Postmaster-General, in the course of which she remarks:—

We are quite well off in worldly goods, but should be better off if you could inform me about that fortune I expect from a great uncle, great aunt, or somebody. It is about half a million, either on my father's or mother's side. If you would be so kind as to write and inform me, I would be a thousand times obliged.

A gentleman from Tennessee also has his eye on the main chance; but his inquiry is for an instrument that will "attract" gold. His style is less mellifluous than that of the lady. He wants a good watchmaker to tell him if there is an instrument "maid to find mettel—gold or silver—that are in the ground. If it will attract it. A instrument for that perpos. I understand there are sutch a thing made. If so, be pleas tell me where I can by one and what it will cost me. . . . I send you a stamp."

These extracts give some idea of the multifarious duties of Post

Office officials; the work, as Mr. Hyde shows, is constantly increasing in all its branches; and though grave and gay are mixed up in this as in all kinds of business, the daily round is one simply of honest hard work, carried out by means of excellent organization and an uncommon degree of zeal on the part of the workers.

#### ENGLISH GRAMMAR FROM A MATHEMATICAL STANDPOINT.\*

THIS book is one more proof, if further proof be needed even by a mathematical mind, that there are more things in heaven and earth than can be reduced to the dry formulas of mathematics. We do not, however, feel quite sure that the author intends the desultory unsystematic remarks contained in this little book to be taken seriously. The following extracts will perhaps enable our readers to form an opinion on this point. We shall do well to quote first some of the axioms given on p. 31:—

1. Of terms of the same import, one term cannot be better than another.
3. An analogous term is better than a term that is not analogous.
6. Two or more terms of the same import imply two or more grammars, ways, or rules of writing or speaking; or (which is the same) making another language kindred and of the same object or import, which is unnecessary, redundant, or unreasonable (say "absurd").
8. A term established by grammar rule or law, and open to no objection, argues that such rule or law is correct or good, and similarly the term correct or good.
9. No term, philosophically speaking, can, however, be correct or good, nor can any rule, as implied above, be also correct or good.
10. The phrase "fewest terms" implies the least number of terms, or the best necessary for conveying an idea.
12. Foreign terms cannot be better than native terms; or Latin terms cannot exceed English terms: thus Latin would be better than English.

To these may be added one or two assumptions from other parts of the book, which partake of the nature of the so-called axioms, e.g.:—

1. Good language is but a modification, not less a multiple, of bad language.—Preface.
2. We may assume that no one person can write ungrammatically.—P. 2.

A very useful assumption this! The author then proceeds to say:—

It may be my rule (grammar) to write as I like, since I take care to write intelligibly—a matter that every writer seems more or less to endorse. Similarly I cannot speak ungrammatically. Hence grammatical criticism amounts to an absurdity.

This latter (we use this word out of sheer perversity, because Mr. Horne tells us we must not) statement suggests the reflection, "Why then attempt to criticize grammar?" though we do not quarrel with the conclusion that the result is in this case, at least, an absurdity.

3. Latin grammar means a grammar of grammars, which is also the meaning of English grammar.—P. 16.
4. Good grammar exists in every piece of composition—every intelligent composition exists in good grammar.—P. 22.

These last words are puzzling, and require, no doubt, a mathematical brain to follow out—a remark which also applies to the following lucid statement:—

If I write 100 different forms not allowed by the common grammar, I should be said to write 100 of the common grammar or language, equal to 100 of my own grammar. Hence the 100 different forms, equal to 100 of my own grammar, and the 100—this latter identical with 100 of the common grammar—make up a whole grammar equal to my own. Next, of forms of the same import, one form cannot be better than another—more particularly, the 100 common forms would not be better than the 100 different forms. Wherefore I cannot write ungrammatically.—P. 28.

This proposition, though not exactly after Euclid's manner, is a masterpiece in its way. As far as we are concerned, it may mean anything or nothing. Our author may possibly dissent from this view, in which case we will merely quote a remarkable passage used by him as an illustration on p. 24:—

If the fool or the pig be of a different opinion, it would be (sic) because they (sic) know only their own side of the question.

One more instance of perspicuous reasoning we must quote. It occurs on p. 3:—

As it is plain one single member of any one class of society has every right to frame one's own form of speech on the ground that the form of speech of one's class is also a variation from a variation, from a variation, &c.

Here, omitting all reference to the meaning of this passage, we would draw attention to the word *one's*, not because *his* is the usual term in such a case (and, as *one term is as good as another*, ought to be used here), but because it violates another rule given by our author on p. 36. He there says that the apostrophe before *'s* in the possessive case should be discarded, as a lingering remnant of barbarism (p. 40). Therefore he should write "*ones*." The instance he takes is "*harm's way*," which he says (among other objections to it) is too troublesome for use, and he instances the mathematical contractions of "*tan*" for tangent, and so on. By a parity of reasoning, we might suggest that Mr. Hubert T. M. Horne (*vide*

title-page) should be content with the simple Chinese designation *Ho*, thus reducing the name to its lowest terms. But then again to our surprise we find him (on page 39) suggesting that the plural of "*man*" should be "*mans*," apparently on the ground (1) that we find Mussulmans; (2) that there is a grammatical rhythm (!) about "*mans are silly*" which is wanting to "*men are silly*." But surely this is contrary to his axioms about terms being equally good, and about reducing forms of speech to their lowest terms. For "*men*" must be as good a term as "*mans*," and it is one letter shorter.

We will now only notice one or two instances of what our author considers ungrammatical constructions, though, according to his own showing, no one can be ungrammatical. "*The house is being built*" should be, he says, "*is being building*," or simply "*building*"—reasoning which manifestly will not apply to "*The pig is being killed*," and similar sentences.

Again he says, "*Every officer and soldier claims*" is wrong, and that "*claims*" should be "*claim*," a point which we will leave to the decision of our readers.

Here are a few specimens of his own grammar:—

- "If I see him I should tell him."—P. 53.
- "If he speaks so, he be a liar."—P. 54.
- "If him please."—P. 61.
- "Every one must judge of their own feeling."
- "Tacitus whose writings fraught with good and bad grammar."
- "Here we distinguish about two volumes of grammar."—P. 3.

In conclusion we may apply to himself his own words about Tacitus (p. 20):—"In fact Horne indulges too much in fancy (or shall we rather say mathematics?); hence we find him intolerable. He loses sight of grammatical principles that should guide him; hence he substitutes his own principles. No more about Horne."

#### SOME MAPS.

TURN is already and naturally noticeable on the part of map producers from Egypt to Afghanistan. Messrs. G. Philip & Son have issued three very useful maps of what is already the seat of war, if not nominally of English war. One of them contains a general map of Central Asia, with one of Europe subjoined to show the communications. Another also gives Central Asia, but on a slightly smaller scale, and without the annexe. A third gives Persia, Afghanistan, and Beloochistan only, but on a larger scale. All are excellently clear. But Egypt still continues to occupy the engraver. Since we last noticed maps we have received new editions or new maps of Egypt and the Soudan from Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, from Mr. Stanford, and from Messrs. Bacon. The last mentioned is a very useful map, executed with a somewhat less delicate and artistic style than the class of maps for which we own a preference when we can get them, but bold, easily intelligible, and containing a really remarkable amount of various information. Within a space of some three feet by two we have a general map of the whole Egyptian Soudan, a separate large-scale map of the proposed railway between Souakim and Berber, another on the scale of half a mile to the inch of Khartoum and its immediate neighbourhood; a fourth, of the whole Egyptian territory as it was when England took charge of it; and a fifth, of Africa, neatly stowed away in the corner. All this for a shilling must be admitted to be good measure. We have also before us a set of three maps of the Nile, produced and published by M. Bil of Brussels, and bearing the London imprint of Mr. Adams, which are singularly neat, clear, well executed, and handy.

If anybody wishes to admire the intricacies of legislation, to study the possibilities of conjugating the verb to gerrymander which Redistribution on modern principles supplies, and also to run the risk of a severe headache, he may get and study an excellent map of the boroughs as proposed by the Act which Mr. Stanford has published. The headache, be it understood, is no fault of the publishers, for nothing could possibly be better than the printing and execution generally of the sheet. Indeed, putting aside Redistribution altogether, the purchaser will have an excellent Map of London for any purpose. But the wild zigzaggings of the proposed boroughs (it is true they have already been corrected a little as the result of debate), the bewildering effect of islets labelled "*Chelsea detached*" or "*Westminster detached*," and the like, must be seen to be appreciated. And the reflection which has above been hinted at will be pretty certain to occur to the seer—that is to say, that though, no doubt, no gerrymandering has been attempted on either side, it would be exceedingly easy with a little private information from the records of adroit canvassers. Some Tories, as well as many Radicals, each unimpeached in political orthodoxy, have been heard to adopt Paul de Florac's advice in another matter, and to say, "Don't Americanize us *à demi* if you do it at all." The gridiron arrangements shown on American maps are ugly enough; but they must be much more difficult to gerrymander than the multifarious creations of this Bill as here shown.

Another excellent map, though one less generally attractive (we do not say less generally important), of Mr. Stanford's is one showing the railways, tramways, and miscellaneous improvements in the metropolitan district promised or threatened for this Session in Parliament.

In Messrs. Bacon's "*Excelsior*" series of wall-maps we have two large, brightly-coloured, clearly-printed, and generally effective

\* *Experimentum Brevisimum; or, a Concise Critical View of English Grammar from a Mathematical Standpoint.* By H. T. M. Horne. London: Elliot Stock.



maps of Europe and Africa, very well suited for the schoolroom walls, and no doubt intended for them.

From Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston we have a "Physical Map of England" destined for the same purpose. The points more specially brought out here are the different levels of the land and depths of the sea. These are shown by shadings of blue for the sea, of green for the low lands, and of brown for the higher. The shades being well chosen and contrasted, and the outlines sharply drawn, the effect is exceedingly clear; more so, no doubt, than would have been the case with the use of a greater number of colours. We think, however, that the few mountain peaks over three thousand feet and the many heights over two thousand might have been distinguished, say by spots of bright red and yellow, from the mass of dark browns over one thousand.

From the same publishers we have an altogether excellent political wall-map of Egypt, giving the entire range of country from Alexandria to the equatorial lakes, embracing Wadai on the west, and showing the upper reaches of the Congo to the south. It is very unfortunate that many, if not most, maps of the country, if they do not actually stop short of the equatorial provinces, give nothing beyond them; so that the motive of the successive Pashas and Khedives of Egypt in extending and holding their dominion over the Soudan is not perceived. From such a map as that before us any one with the least aptitude for appreciating the effect which geography has on history will see how the country between the lakes, the Congo, the central range abutting on Darfur, Abyssinia, and the Nubian Desert, is certain some day or other to form an important territory, if not subject to Egypt, then threatening to Egypt. It may have been unfortunate that Egypt occupied this territory before her strength was sufficient to hold it; but the lesson of geographical "manifest destiny" can be obscure to no one who is acquainted with similar lessons in the past.

We can only briefly mention and shall hope to return to the fine archaeological maps of Attica (Heft. 3. Berlin: Reimer) which have reached us, and which are a model of their kind. Of less elaborate and scholarly, but still excellent German maps, we have hand-sheets of the political kind from Messrs. Friedrichsen of Hamburg, showing respectively Managua Land, the Cameroons district, and Upper Guinea; while the same publishers send a larger chart displaying the results of the Congo Conference.

#### CAVOUR'S LETTERS.\*

ALTHOUGH it is difficult to spare attention to any politics but those of the day, the contribution of new materials to the history of the last generation ought not to pass without notice. The present collection contains, in addition to a few other documents, about two hundred autograph letters from Cavour to the Marquis of Azeglio during his long residence in London as Minister from the Court of Turin. The correspondence includes few political revelations, and its interest is rather biographical than historical. There is no mention of the decisive interview with Napoleon III. at Plombières, because the agreement which was then concluded was a secret only shared by the Emperor, the King of Sardinia, and Cavour himself. Some time afterwards Cavour makes a kind of apology to his correspondent for having left him in ignorance of the projected marriage of Prince Jerome Napoleon with the Princess Clotilde. One highly important letter, now published for the first time, was addressed to the Emperor by Cavour during a hurried visit to Paris in March 1859. It was supposed at the time that Cavour went to Paris to make arrangements for the commencement of the campaign. It now appears that he found it necessary to apply pressure to the Emperor, who at the last moment seemed likely to shrink from the joint enterprise. The strenuous efforts of the English Government to maintain peace by the mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna had been baffled by the adroit Russian manoeuvre of a proposed Congress; but at the last moment the Emperor had begun to waver, and Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had not been admitted to the secret of the Plombières agreement, was the avowed opponent of the war and of the Sardinian cause. Cavour's letter of remonstrance begins by a reference to a conversation with Walewski in the Emperor's presence. He says that he is satisfied that Count Walewski is resolved to force the abdication of the King and the resignation of Cavour himself, and to precipitate Piedmont to an abyss. Reminding the Emperor of his own language to a contrary effect, he warns him that he is pushing to destruction his most faithful, and indeed his only, ally. It would not have suited Cavour's purpose to remember that Russia was using every effort to engage France in war with Austria. It has been said that Cavour threatened the Emperor with the disclosure of his Plombières engagements; but in the Paris letter he recognises his own obligation to secrecy. The effect of his eloquent appeal was to determine for the moment the Emperor's oscillating resolution. Massimo d'Azeglio, the celebrated uncle of the Marquis, then on a special mission to England, persuaded Cavour to agree on certain terms to the meeting of the Congress; yet the French alliance might still have been doubtful but for the unwise demand of Austria for the immediate disarmament of Sardinia. "Such a piece of luck" (*un de ces ternes à la loterie*), Cavour wrote to Massimo d'Azeglio, "at the moment when our

conduct made us the pet Benjamin of England, does not come once in a century." There were still a few days of uncertainty, and Cavour ends by saying, "The *Daily News* declares that Austria wishes for war. If it is true, Austria for ever! (*Vive l'Autriche!*)"

It has been said that Cavour's semi-official letters have a strong personal interest; and it may be added that their literary merit is not inconsiderable. He seems to have possessed in a high degree the epistolary aptitude, which is a special and peculiar faculty. Some writers of considerable pretensions have never produced a genuine letter; and, on the other hand, there are pleasant correspondents who have composed nothing else. Idlers in solitude or in society, like Cowper and Horace Walpole, have contrived to interest their friends and posterity in the merest trifles, in some cases by unconscious simplicity and in others by successful art. Cavour, the busiest of men, writing only for some practical purpose to an official subordinate, is always easy, and often playful and amusing. His reports from day to day of the Congress of Paris after the Crimean War are singularly lively and graphic. Of all his colleagues he found Lord Clarendon the most congenial; and long afterwards he attributes a part of Walewski's hostility to "the *lazzi* with which Clarendon and I amused ourselves at Paris." His short characters of some of the plenipotentiaries are distinct and probably just. He preferred the *fausse franchise* or calculated bluntness of Orloff to the ostentatious astuteness of Brunnow. When the question of Kara was raised "Clarendon was very fine. He declared that England would continue the war for twenty years rather than yield the point. He rubbed his chin, and threw himself back in his chair in a dramatic attitude. His attitude calmed Orloff, who was becoming excited. Brunnow appealed to the humane and religious sentiments of England, and so they came to an agreement." The hold which Lord Clarendon's movements took of Cavour's fancy would alone show him to be a natural humourist. For years afterwards, whether their relations were friendly or hostile, Cavour never forgets the trick of rubbing the chin. Clarendon is always "l'homme au menton," "notre ami du menton," and on one occasion "ce vieux renard au menton pointu." Some of those who knew Lord Clarendon have forgotten, or never observed, that there was anything remarkable about his chin. Perhaps from inclination, as well as for political reasons, Cavour took a keen interest in the motives and social relations which might, as he thought, affect English public opinion. It was perhaps superfluous to remind his correspondent, who was one of the most popular members of society, of the expediency of cultivating the wives of Ministers as well as the Ministers themselves. At one time Cavour regrets that the Marquis of Azeglio will not be able to see Palmerston, as he is gone to Broadlands. "Something, however, may be made of his absence. Lady Palmerston must express to you a wish to know as before what you hear from Paris. As a great favour" ("après vous être fait prier") "you will agree to send her any letters which contain no secret. Then you will let me know, and I will take care to write from time to time letters which will do to be put on my Lady's table." Another form of influence to which he attached great importance was that of Evangelical Protestantism. He constantly proposes to his correspondent that he should employ "le bon Shaft," or "notre ami S.," or "Shaftesbury" at full length, to stir up the enthusiasm of Exeter Hall in favour of the adversary of the Pope. He nevertheless on one occasion justly praises the Marquis of Azeglio for his answer to some Scotch Presbyterians who had congratulated the King of Sardinia on his supposed enmity to Rome. The Minister judiciously reminded his zealous friends that the King was an orthodox son of the Church; and to Cavour's amusement the English Protestants chuckled over the rebuff which had been administered to their allies beyond the Border.

From the Congress of Paris Cavour brought nothing away, except an increase of his own personal reputation, and a practical recognition of the rank which his country had already acquired by the bold policy of sending a contingent to the Eastern war. At one time Napoleon III. amused himself with a project which would have given Piedmont an additional province. The Duke of Modena was to be transferred to the Danubian Principalities, the widowed Duchess of Parma was to marry Prince Napoleon and to receive the Duchy of Modena, with right of succession to her son. Cavour thought, with some reason, that the interference with Modena would only complicate the arrangement; but he, of course, assented to the Emperor's proposal that the Duchy of Parma should be annexed to Piedmont. He spoke to Lord Clarendon, who "preferred a mouthful of the Pope," probably in the form of a cession of the Legations; but Lord Clarendon must have immediately perceived that the whole scheme was chimerical. "If," writes Cavour, "we can't get Clarendon to rub his chin for our benefit, we have nothing to hope." Unfortunately the political intimacy which had been contracted at Paris was soon afterwards finally dissolved. Cavour profoundly offended Lord Clarendon by inducing Lord Lyndhurst to move a resolution in favour of the Italian claims. With a touching modesty Cavour more than once confessed that, through want of familiarity with constitutional usages, he had in this instance made a mistake. A Foreign Minister commits a diplomatic impropriety when he concerta measures with the Opposition. The founder of Italian liberty was not ashamed to admit that he had been imperfectly acquainted with the English traditions which are the foundations of constitutional law. From the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris to the war of 1859.

\* *La politique du Comte de Cavour de 1852 à 1861: lettres inédites, avec notes.* Turin. 1885.

notwithstanding the predilection of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell for the Italian cause, Lord Clarendon disapproved of Cavour's bold and aggressive policy. Even with Palmerston himself the daring champion of Italian independence was sometimes gravely dissatisfied. On the eve of the war he more than once complained that Palmerston had reverted to the system of his old master Castlereagh. At other times he rendered more ample justice to a powerful and resolute supporter. There are still English politicians who condemn the irregular and complicated contrivances by which Cavour accomplished the gigantic enterprise of his life. On the other hand, enthusiasts in the Italian cause condemn the ill-will of Lord Clarendon and Lord Malmesbury, and the neutrality of Lord Palmerston. It is remarkable that Cavour seems to have been ignorant of the steady pressure on the Government of Prince Albert's Conservative opinions and German sympathies. The English Court, though it would in no case have approved of the readjustment of territory and the dethronement of ancient dynasties, might perhaps have been less actively hostile to the Italian cause but for the deep and well-founded distrust which was inspired by the restless policy of the Emperor Napoleon. It may be plausibly contended that the Prince Consort and Cavour were from their separate and antagonistic points of view both in the right. Austria before the later evacuation of the Peninsula was by necessity of position the irreconcilable enemy of Italy. The same Power was the ancient ally of England, and the chief counterweight on the Continent to the ambition of Russia and of France. The Prince Consort well knew that Napoleon's attack on Austria had been encouraged by a voluntary promise that Russia would hold the German confederacy in check. On the other side, Cavour had a clearly defined purpose involving inestimable advantage to the nation of which he had made himself the representative. It was no business of his to guard the balance of power, or to counteract ambitious designs which coincided with his own aspirations. When he forced the French Emperor into war, when he refused to aid the restoration of the Tuscan Duchies to their former rulers, in countenancing the enterprise of Garibaldi, and in appropriating to the Italian Crown the conquests of a private adventurer, Cavour consistently discharged his duties. He proved his conscientious adherence to principle by his versatile activity, and by treating all other considerations as subordinate to the welfare and independence of Italy.

To English readers perhaps the most attractive part of the correspondence which is now published will be the comments which Cavour makes in almost every letter on the characters of English statesmen. The Marquis of Azelegio, who knew them still more intimately, supplied constant materials for the judgment of his chief. It seems that in a late conversation at Rome Lord Malmesbury failed to convince the Marquis that he had himself been always friendly to the Italian cause. A statement in Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs that Lord Palmerston was in Italian matters the mere mouthpiece of Azelegio provokes, as might be expected, a modest disclaimer. The Marquis acknowledges with gratitude the steady friendship of the English Minister during many years. He adds the expression of his belief that Lord Palmerston would be surprised to hear in the other world that he was subject to the control of any foreign diplomatist. The editor of the Letters republishes in an Appendix the speeches which were delivered in both Houses of the English Parliament when the death of Cavour was announced. It was, as he says, "un véritable apothéose, unique plutôt que rare." The testimony of English statesmen to the greatness of the Italian Minister was the more valuable because few of them had at the time unreservedly approved of his subtle and versatile policy. Only one competitor during the second half of the nineteenth century can claim an equal place in history; and though the establishment of the German Empire is a more gigantic achievement than the creation of the Italian kingdom, the task of Cavour was more arduous than that of Bismarck. Prussia was, as the event proved, more than a match for Austria, and after the formation of the Northern Confederacy, Germany single-handed defied and defeated France. When Cavour assumed the conduct of affairs, Piedmont or Sardinia was a petty kingdom, still prostrate after the ruinous defeat of Novara. The resolute good faith and the unflinching courage of Victor Emmanuel were indispensable conditions of the success of Cavour's undertaking; but the main honour belongs to himself. His institution and maintenance of constitutional liberty in Piedmont, and his steady resistance to the pretensions of Austria, secured the confidence of all Italy in the head of the House of Savoy as the leader and representative of the nation. The French alliance which Cavour had painfully negotiated seemed to have come to an end with the abortive settlement of Villafranca; but the irregular heroism of Garibaldi gave Cavour another opportunity, and Cialdini's victory over Lamoricière at Castel Fidardo completed the most arduous part of his enterprise. It was not Cavour's fortune to witness the final cession of Venetia, or the evacuation of Rome; but when he died Italy was already a considerable member of the European Concert. Like Themistocles, and on a larger scale, Cavour had known how to make a small State into a great one. His countrymen and all who admire the combination of prudence with heroism will not be curious to inquire whether every act of his public life admits of an independent justification. The end, in his case, whether it may or may not have sanctified the means, dwarfs them by its magnitude into comparative insignificance.

## THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.\*

ALASKA is a large subject; its estimated area is given as 514,700 square miles, its length 1,100 miles, and its breadth from east to west 800 miles; but Mr. Wardman, in his bright little book of 230 pages, tells us all that is probably worth knowing about it, assuring us at the same time that what Vancouver wrote in 1792 remains to this day the best description extant. How it was formerly Russian America, but is now a territory of the United States, having been purchased for the sum of \$7,200,000, we all know; we also know that it was taken possession of by a military force, and still remains in military keeping, nothing having been done in the past eighteen years to organize a territorial government. This fact alone speaks volumes, and suggests a limited and scattered population, an unattractive soil, and an uncertain, when it is not absolutely a forbidding, climate. Of the character of the country, Mr. Wardman says, no person can form any conception from ordinary maps. The number and magnitude of waterways in the Straits of Fuca, the Gulf of Georgia, Queen Charlotte's Sound, and others are wonderful. "It seems as if the Almighty had here shattered the mountains with an omnipotent sledge for a thousand miles, and turned the waters of the sea to flow among the fragments." He seems to think that, if it could be made available for Sunday excursions, the country might be turned to some profitable use; but at present it has few recommendations. The timber grows on a skinny soil; the climate is wet, cold, and cheerless; and "vegetation, though it may grow, does not mature. Even the timber seems to die young." It has "attractions for the artist, and possibly for the scientist; but it will probably remain for many generations in possession of the Indians—if not for all time." "The British side of the Straits up as far as Victoria is climatically favoured; but the American side is more given to fogs and raw winds." The town of Victoria is "beautifully situated, but it is a dead town." Port Townsend, the American counterpart to British Columbia, "is a dilapidated place, of an easy-going character, celebrated for dogs, drinking-shops, and a custom-house." After passing Victoria the traveller comes in view of San Juan, "about which we did not want to fight, but would not give up." San Juan is only good for lime. "If people would come out and build a sufficient number of houses to create a demand for it, the island might be put through limekilns and so get rid of it." The "snug little harbour of Nanaimo contains some eight hundred or nine hundred inhabitants, mostly Welsh, who gain a livelihood by digging coal." This coal is "considered the best on the Pacific coast for steaming." But, in spite of many advantages, "the fact is, too much rain falls there. The spring is always backward, and the harvest seldom amounts to anything." It rains four or five times a day, "which is altogether too much when it is kept up all the year round." "It rains very easy in this country. Take it all the way up the coast from San Francisco to the Straits of Fuca, from Victoria to Sitka, and from Sitka, the seat of the United States authorities, to the Seal Islands, you may generally find it raining about as easily as it could possibly do." The "Seal Islands are situated in Behring Sea, and during the warmer months are almost continually enveloped in fogs and mist." That is one reason why the seals make them their breeding-grounds. "There is no such thing in the seal business as 'making hay while the sun shines,' for the sun will drive the warm-coated animals into the water when men with clubs could not do it; for though the two- and four-year-olds may be herded and driven like sheep, the older bulls when on the rookeries cannot be forced away. Continued sunshine, however, would soon banish them from the islands." "St. Michael's is one of the most noted places for dog teams." "These dogs are good-natured fellows, always glad to see a white man, no matter how great a stranger he may be." "Having greeted the stranger as a friend, they walk up the hill with him in a grave and dignified way, as much as to say, 'Now that you are one of us, no form nor ceremony, you know. If you see anything you want, take it.'" The descriptions and allusions to other animals are fresh and pleasing—"Polar bears are worse than coons for green corn." "It's a humiliating thing to have a fox stand off about ten rods and bark at you, or follow you around, smelling at your heels, but they do it here." The people appear to be worth a little notice also. "Before they were taken in hand by the Christians of the Czar, these barbarians could afford to wear sea-otter cloaks," but now the sea and all that is therein are matters of trade. Although the Russian Government pays the salaries of the Greek priests in America, "more than one hundred thousand rubles a year being sent by the Czar to one Consistory alone," yet there is a great lack of priests, and in many places "the ceremonies of marriage and baptism generally take place at the same time." Mr. Wardman declares that he had not seen a man in any position in Alaska who would advise a friend to go out there as a settler, either in trade or agriculture; and concludes a well-written, entertaining book by saying that "to an impartial observer it would seem wicked to suggest emigration from any part of the United States to a land the coast lines of which are characterized by snow, rain, and fog to such an extent as to almost preclude the ripening of any sort of

\* *A Trip to Alaska: a Narrative of what was seen and heard during a Summer Cruise in Alaskan Waters.* By George Wardman. San Francisco: Carson & Co. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

*With the Invader: Glimpses of the South-West.* By Edwards Roberts. San Francisco: Carson & Co. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1885.

*Tulafsa: Letters from Foreign Parts.* By C. E. Baxter. London: Sampson Low & Co.



vegetables suitable for man's food, and the interior of which, so far as is known, is largely composed of ice-water bogs in summer, and frozen lakes for eight out of the twelve months in the year."

*With the Invader* is another little book of 150 pages, full of information, "the result of a carelessly planned and leisurely executed journey." It is enlivened with more than half a dozen pretty woodcuts. The subject of the book is admirable; but Mr. Edwards Roberts is not, as he himself makes obvious, quite equal to it. It deals with the romance of the past and the reality of the present, Montezuma and Cortes, Kit Carson and Colonel A. G. Boone; the Spanish Conquest of three hundred years ago, with all its cruelties and its follies, and the peaceful conquest of to-day by means of the railways which bring the vast resources of Santa Fé, the Rio Grande Valley, the Pueblos, Zuni, and Santo Domingo, Chihuahua, Mexico City, and Guaymas close to New York. It would have been worth while to cite the authorities on which Mr. Roberts founds some of his statements. He says that "the faith that Montezuma will return has never once been shaken through all the centuries of suffering and disappointment. The priests stand upon the housetops to-day as they did in the ages past, shading their eyes with their hands and gazing toward the East, hoping to see their redeemer coming. The fire which Montezuma lighted on the old altar at Pecos burns in a guarded shrine at Taos; and Pecos is the Mecca of the scattered tribes." Pecos is the sportsman's paradise. "Nor need the artist want for material. Nowhere in New Mexico is there greater variety or more picturesqueness." The region is "a bit of unpolluted nature, fresh and fair and Elysian. No wonder Montezuma lived here." The town, however, Mr. Roberts says in another place, "is in ruins and deserted." The description of Chihuahua, which the traveller found "hard to leave," is very good.

*Tatofa*, it appears, means in the language of the people of Pango-Pango, one of the islands of the Samoan group, "I love you." Mr. C. E. Baxter's letters are written in high spirits, but they are somewhat disappointing. The writer visits numerous places, while the instruction and amusement he provides are meagre. The inland sea of Japan is the most lovely place on the face of the earth. The Great Wall of China is very much like an ordinary Chinese wall, only rather larger. The Ming tombs frightened the mules. On the way to Peking he visited a Lama temple, in which there was a very handsome marble monument. Japan is the only place in the world which comes up to England for a real good country walk. Sydney harbour is a lovely haven, fitted for picnics, and "all along the rocks, they say, a thousand miles of delicious oysters." In such exuberance of youthful trust and confidence the reader is carried to other parts of Australia, to New Guinea, New Zealand, Cairo, and the Pyramids; and, probably to give an idea of their magnitude, relates that "the quantity of radishes, onions, and garlic consumed by the 100,000 people who were employed in building the Pyramid of Cheops cost the sum of 360,000l." The book will probably be chiefly appreciated by the author's intimate friends and relations.

#### ROS ROSARUM.\*

WHEN Lord Byron was writing *Childe Harold* he contrived in one of the stanzas to introduce an eagle that tore the rent plain with its beak. Thereupon a friend, who was at once an artist and an ornithologist, sent him a spirited sketch of Jove's bird grasping the earth with its talons, and the line was altered to

Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain.

The poets, with a few exceptions, have never been remarkable for a nice knowledge of natural history, unless, indeed, they have been more naturalists than poets, which scarcely affects the argument. More than this, they are responsible for some absolute injustice to the brute creation; and it has, we believe, been recently demonstrated that the licentious use of the vulture in the poetry of the affections has wrought an irreparable wrong to that cleanly, beneficent, and inoffensive bird. Nor are they more happy in their botanical exploits. Some years ago an expert, writing of the flowers of imaginative literature, showed that they displayed a censurable disregard of time and season, throwing their "quaint enamelled eyes" together in a manner that was wholly unauthorized; and that, like the boots in the old ballad, they sometimes appeared where they should never be at all. Luckily, the apostles of the *Parnasse anglais* do not often adventure much beyond the rose, the daffodil, the lily, the violet, and a few of those more familiar *fleurs de rhétorique* which no gentleman's vocabulary can be without. Of these the rose is by far the hardest worked. It is, therefore, obvious that a book of extracts from the poets generally upon this one theme could scarcely fail for lack of material.

And E. V. B. has certainly made us a very pretty one. It is charmingly printed by the Chiswick Press; it has the now orthodox parchment covers, and it is illustrated by its editor's own designs. We like these better than the mode in which they have been reproduced—the result being often to leave them blurred and indistinct. The little vignette on p. 264, with its fragile dancing figures, has in consequence lost most of its beauty in our copy; and the lovely picture at p. 49 of a Cupid leaning upon his reverted

quiver certainly deserves better treatment than it has received. In spite, however, of this drawback, it is clear that the hand of the E. V. B. whose fairy-like fancies delighted us of old has lost none of its cunning. For her literary material she has gone far afield. Solomon and Isaiah, Pindar and Meleager, Horace and Martial have all been brought under contribution. Something has been borrowed from the mediævalists; something also from the *Rubaiyat* and the *Gulistán*. Then come the Spaniards and Italians, the *Pleiade*, and Heine and Goethe, whose *Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth* has been Englished, not very successfully, by Archdeacon Farrar. Next, the land of tulips presents us with a solitary Dutch rose, and the rest of the book is filled with English specimens, from Chaucer to Tennyson. Some of these have never bloomed in any garden before. Mrs. Herbert Hills is a frequent contributor, as is also the accomplished author of *Vagabunduli Libellus*, while that sprightly troubadour, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, supplies an airy little madrigal in French, as to which we fear that a Frenchman would ask him how he scans.

La Rose périt, parfumée vermeille.

The omission of an "s" in *printemps* is no doubt a fault of the printing. Lord Lytton has written a fable which somewhat suggests the curt comment of Polonius on the actor's speech in *Hamlet*; and the genius of the Laureate, "grand, epic (and, in *Becket*), homicidal," has condescended to carve the following characteristic cherry-stone:—

The night with sudden odour reel'd,  
The Southern stars a music peal'd,  
Warm beams across the meadow stole;  
For Love flew over grove and field,  
Said "Open, Rosebud, open, yield  
Thy fragrant soul."

After this what can be wanting to the new "Breviary of the Rose"?

So winning is E. V. B.'s "Epistle to the Reader," so gentle and insidious in its caressing archaism, that the critic is practically disarmed. Yet the very excellence of her dainty booklet is a reason why, in some minor details, we wish it better. We think, for instance, that a little more seeking would have provided her with happier versions of many of her extracts than those she has chosen. Horace, in this floral connexion, certainly deserved something more lyric than the wooden-jointed measures of the author of *The Caxtons*; and there is a sonnet-version by Mr. Webb of Martial's *De Rosis Hibernis* which might advantageously take the place of that used by E. V. B. Then, sometimes, she gives no translation when there is a good one at hand. Mr. Lang's copy of Du Bellay's *Vanneur*, here unrepresented in English, is better still than his *Mignonne, allons voir si la Rose*, close as that is. There are also some notable omissions. Where is Ben Jonson's *To Celia*? Here is something from Herrick. But where are *The Parliament of Roses to Julia*, "Under a lawn, than skies more clear," and *How Roses came red*, which the reference at p. 145 almost makes indispensable? Where is Hood's "It was the time of Roses" and "I smell the rose above the mould"? and why, if Thackeray's "Rose upon the balcony" is admitted, is Cowper's rose that has "been washed, just washed in a shower," left out? Then among the modern there are some unexpected absences. Here is Mr. Marston, a charming poet on this theme; but why is there no waft from Mr. Gosse's "wind of Provence, heavy with the rose"? Here is a swallow-flight of song from the late Mortimer Collins; but where is Mr. Frederick Locker's

Beating heart! we come again  
Where my Love reposes:  
This is Mabel's window pane;  
These are Mabel's roses?

There should surely have been more from Mr. Swinburne, and something from poor O'Shaughnessy, if only "I made another garden, yea, For my new love." For such and some others we could even have spared the versicles of Mr. Beatty Pakenham or Mr. Pakenham Beatty, whichever, as Fred Bayham would say, "his highly respectable name" may be. But this, it seems, is a problem that E. V. B.'s index-maker has not succeeded in solving.

#### ANUARIO BIBLIOGRÁFICO DE LA REPUBLICA ARGENTINA.\*

THIS work is a most useful handbook for all purposes of reference to the affairs of the Argentine Republic. It contains four hundred and sixty-two pages of fine print; touches upon International Questions, Law, Science, History, Biography, Literature, American Books, Religion, Medical Science, and many extraneous matters; and gives a list at the end of the book of the daily and weekly newspapers and magazines which have been issued during the year in the Argentine Republic, with an alphabetical list of the writers of the different articles, and the name of the journal in which each article appeared. No books from the mother country (Spain) are mentioned; only those works which have been published in Buenos Ayres, although many of the authors are natives of Uruguay and Chili.

The Confederation of the Argentine Republic consists of fourteen provinces—Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, Entre Rios, Corrientes, Rioja, Catamarca, San Juan, Mendoza, Cordoba, San Luis, Santiago del

\* *Ros Rosarum ex Horto Postarum*. By E. V. B. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

\* *Anuario Bibliográfico de la Republica Argentina*. Año V. 1883. Director, Alberto Navarro Viola. Buenos Aires.

Estero, Tucuman, Salta, and Jujuy. The Republic became independent of Spain in 1816, and the Argentine Confederation was formed in 1834. The capital is Buenos Ayres; but there are other large and flourishing towns, such as Rosario, San Juan, Cordoba, Tucuman, Santiago, and Mendoza. Within the last twenty years an attempt at national literature has sprung up among the people, and although this is only the fifth year of the *Anuario*, it increases in size and plentiful notices every year, showing that a literary life in the Argentine Republic is in full activity.

Each pamphlet or memorandum has a little heading like the following:—"Statement which Manuel Bilbao makes on his confidential proceedings in the negotiations which will precede the treaty of 1881 between the Republics of Chili and the Argentine (1875-1881), Buenos Aires (1883). In quarto, 37 pages, without name of publisher." Then follows a long description of Don Manuel Bilbao, his energy as a journalist, and his patriotism as a Chilian, with the statement that the pamphlet was published in the *Diario* and in several Chilian periodicals. Among the articles on law are monographs and pamphlets on "Infanticide," the "Rights of Women," and the "Argentine Penitentiary System." There are also various discussions about the historical names of places. Two years ago there was a hot dispute in the papers of South America as to the "historical capital" of the Province of Entre Rios, and whether the seat of Government should be at Concepcion del Uruguay or Paraná. It was finally decided that the latter was the "historical capital," much to the disgust of the inhabitants of Concepcion del Uruguay, and the residence of the Governor of the Confederation was moved to Paraná. Many learned pamphlets were written on the subject, and among them one by Benigno F. Martinez in favour of Concepcion del Uruguay, of which city he is a native. This pamphlet is fully discussed in the *Anuario*, with a short explanation of the original quarrel. The list of the different journals throughout the land should be very useful to those residing in the Argentine Republic and wishing to choose a newspaper. We take and translate two or three of the notes at random:—

*El Derecho*. Buenos Aires. First year 1883. Published every Saturday. Medium size, with five columns. It appeared in October of 1883. Subjects political, commercial, and of general interest.

*La Esperanza*. The organ of the Society of Catholic Youth. Buenos Aires. Weekly periodical. First year 1883. Appeared in the month of June. Small size, with two columns. Especially religious.

We have never seen a work of the same kind as the *Anuario* in Spain. If such a book could be started there, it would be a useful guide to those who would like to keep up with the best current literature in the mother country.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

NO one will deny M. Leconte de Lisle the praise of an industrious and in his way a very accomplished translator. Horace, Homer, Hesiod, the Greek Bucolics, Æschylus, Sophocles, have occupied his learned and fluent pen, and he now presents us with two goodly volumes containing Euripides (1). This, considering that M. Leconte de Lisle is no mere bookmaker, and takes good care that his work, whatever it is, shall always be literature, is a goodly tale of production. We do not know that there is much to say specially of the thirteen hundred fair and well-filled pages that lie before us. The translation is correct, elegant, facile. We cannot, indeed, alter our opinion to the effect that it is hardly possible to conceive two literary media more alien from one another than ancient Greek verse and modern French prose. But that is not M. Leconte de Lisle's fault.

M. Franck's collection of philosophical essays and reviews (2) is an interesting and valuable book, well and sensibly written, with sufficient knowledge and excellent judgment. The best articles are, we think, those on Origen, on the later form of M. Hauréau's book on Scholasticism, on Marsilius of Padua, on Joseph de Maistre and his "moon," the Vicomte de Bonald, and on M. Guyot's "La morale anglaise." To this last and to some others it may perhaps be objected that M. Franck, possibly from excessive conscientiousness or complaisance of expression, seems to derive his knowledge of the subject rather too exclusively from the book before him. We do not insist upon, or indeed approve, the Macaulayan plan of making the book reviewed a mere peg whereon to hang a display of the reviewer's erudition and intelligence. But M. Franck sometimes seems to go rather far in the other direction.

Reasons, some of them not purely literary, may induce readers to take up the poems of M. Clovis Hugues (3). We do not know that we can promise them either particular pleasure or particular disappointment. M. Hugues has an agreeable pipe enough, though it is not very original, or indeed very anything. Sometimes he is a little naughty, sometimes a little Communist, generally rather amiable, and never very strong.

The abundance of monologues, saynètes and suchlike things has for some time been so great in France that it has been impossible for us to notice all or even many of them. We must, however, devote a line or two to a very clever little piece of raillery on English-French, quite good-humoured and in excellent taste,

by MM. du Chastel and Widor (4). Daisy Fields, the heroine and sole character, crosses the Channel, talks to herself, sings occasionally, and half reads, half plays with a copy of the *Times*. M. du Chastel has invented some humorous Anglicisms ("elle-chèvre," for instance), has introduced a little romance into the monologue, and has given plenty of opportunity for a capable actress (Mlle. Reichenberg, we believe, has played the piece) to make herself both amusing and attractive.

We have, again, a considerable number of novels before us, but only one or two of much interest. *Mademoiselle d'Hannoville* (5) is, we should imagine, a first book; it shows talent and adherence to a good school, but is rather "young." *Une Diva* (6) explains its own subject. It is half a novel, half a criticism of operatic life; and we have not found it very interesting. *Jean Mèronde* (7) is better, and may be called a very fair novel of an ordinary kind. It also has to do with art. *La nièce de l'organiste* (8), a wicked organist who sets fire to his organ, is better still; we think the best of the batch. There is, however, merit in *Un millionnaire sentimental* (9); though the central idea—that of a young Parisian who is sent to rusticate as a punishment for extravagance, and falls in love with a beautiful country girl—is not very new. The chief thing that is striking in M. Cœur's book (10) is the oddity of his introducing one of his characters as governess "chez le duc d'Argyle." It cannot be said that any liberties are taken with the household of MacCallum More; but would not Frenchmen think it questionable manners to introduce, let us say, the Duke de Broglie in an English novel? The probable explanation is that, in the sublime indifference of Frenchmen, M. Cœur neither knew nor cared whether the historic title had a living representative. M. Vedel's tales (11) are, on the whole, good, especially in point of description. *La famille Blanche* (12) is another volume of separate stories; the first deals with a curious, and in Parisian life probably not improbable, difficulty into which a lady of fashion is brought by an escapade. The heroine of *L'erreur de Claire* (13) read novels, and found that "Ça ne changeait guère." Her own history is, unluckily, not much out of the ordinary kind which the title suggests.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ACCORDING to excellent authority, titles of books should be either expressively simple or enigmatic, and always selected with Shandian caution and forethought. The authors of *One and a Half in Norway* (Kegan Paul & Co.) offer the enticement of a riddle, the solution of which, it is only just to observe, has no connexion with the popular *Three in Norway*. It appears that married folk are regarded as one and a half on certain Norwegian steamers, and "wives go half-price in Norway"—a delightful illustration of a confiding and domesticated people. If this pleasant regulation should be extended to this country, it might lead to curious results; the hesitating and numerous unmarried might be spurred to action, and seeing how universal is the passion for travel, the marriage-rate would experience a sudden rise. Before adopting it, however, the railway Companies and others would be in a trying dilemma, between the chances of increased receipts and the certainty of imposition. In Norway they have not so considered the question. The honesty of the people is an example to all travellers, and "One and a Half" record their undivided opinion that nowhere is the British tourist so virtuous and agreeable as in Norway. To those about to visit Norway for the first time, we can recommend "One and a Half's" bright and lively record of a summer tour.

We are getting accustomed to be tutored by Americans in the use of our mother-tongue, though we are scarcely prepared for the shocking revelation of corrupt practices in *Discriminate: a Companion to "Don't,"* by "Critic" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Professedly a guide, it is as dangerous and suggestive as a certain class of French fiction, whose excellent moral intention is subverted by their dubious didactic example. The author, when in doubt, cites the late Mr. Richard Grant White, to whose authority we must bow, notwithstanding that we speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold that Milton held. Hence we are solemnly advised "Don't say 'He rode on a dirt road'; 'Loan me your Virgil'; 'He donated a large sum of money'; 'He has improved some since you saw him.'" This is excellent, if a little humiliating. On another page we read, "Discriminate in the use of *disremember*. It is an Americanism and an Hibernianism to say, 'I disremember the time of his coming'; use the better word, *forget*." The "better word," quotha!—as if there were any alternative. Besides committing the grossest blunders, the writer contradicts himself repeatedly.

(4) *Le Times—Saynète anglaise*. Par Olivier du Chastel. Musique de Ch. M. Widor. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Mademoiselle d'Hannoville*. Par Etienne Rocheverre. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Une Diva*. Par Emilie Ambré. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Jean Mèronde*. Par Jeanne Mairat. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *La nièce de l'organiste*. Par Jean de Nivelles. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Un millionnaire sentimental*. Par N. de Semenow. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Les derniers de leur race*. Par Pierre Cœur. Paris: Ollendorff.

(11) *Madame de Ponty*. Par Léon Vedel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(12) *La famille Blanche*. Par Gaston Bupret. Paris: Ollendorff.

(13) *L'erreur de Claire*. Par Paul Vignet. Paris: Charpentier.

(1) *Euripides—traduction nouvelle*. Par Leconte de Lisle. 2 vols. Paris: Lemerre.

(2) *Essais de critique philosophique*. Par A. Franck. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Les évocations*. Par Clovis Hugues. Paris: Charpentier.



On page 1 he says it is contrary to the American (i.e. the correct) usage to say "an historical novel," yet he writes "an Hibernian"; on page 65 he gravely observes, "Don't say 'Such a handsome bonnet'; 'Such a lovely girl,' &c. Use so handsome, so lovely," &c.; yet on p. 56 he remarks, "It is correct to say, 'I never saw such a beautiful sunset when I was in London.'" Several definitions are wholly fallacious, such as "evidence" and "testimony," "novice" and "amateur," while many other "discriminations" display nothing but the dullest pedantry.

Mr. R. E. White's *Recollections of Woolwich* (Kegan Paul & Co.) is a record of the expansion of the Royal Arsenal from its modest limits in 1850 to the present time. It includes a list of officials, past and present, and a brief account of the more important events during the writer's connexion with the place.

Professor Leone Levi's *Wages and Earnings of the Working Classes* (John Murray) is an important statistical work that deserves the attention of all students of political economy. It is based on inquiries commenced in 1867, and now appears as a Report addressed to Sir Arthur Bess, M.P., accompanied by elaborate statistics of the earnings of all classes of artisans, agricultural labourers, the army, and the navy. Delusive as statistics may be, it is impossible not to be struck with the immense improvement in the material condition of the working classes these tables collectively exhibit. Professor Levi estimates the average weekly earnings of the working classes at 32s. per family, and he thinks he has "rather under than over valued all the items of income." He justly observes that nicety of precision is beyond the attainment of the statistician, owing to "the want of a common basis as to the description of persons to be included under the designation of the working classes, what is to be taken as the rate of wage when piecework prevails," and other matters, in reckoning which calculation passes into conjecture.

*United States Notes*, by John Jay Knox (T. Fisher Unwin), is an interesting and comprehensive history of paper-money in America in all its constitutional and abnormal phases. The author was formerly Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, and has executed his task with knowledge and skill.

Mr. Charles C. Prinsep's *Record of Services of Madras Civilians from 1741 to 1853* (Trübner & Co.) is a compilation that must have exercised the author's patience and powers of research. The result of his labours should be useful as a book of reference.

Mr. George Henry Hooper, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, has printed for private circulation a brief inquiry into an obscure question of constitutional law and history, involving the origin of the division of Crown tenants into major and minor barons, and their connexion with the two branches of legislature—the Lords and Commons.

The new volume of "The Parchment Library" (Kegan Paul & Co.) is a translation of the Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, without the convenient headings of chapters and verse-numbers.

Mr. W. H. Corfield's *Dwelling-Houses* (H. K. Lewis) is a practical discourse on all matters connected with sanitary construction and arrangement, illustrated with diagrams. With so sensible a guide the householder should be forewarned of the evils that attend ill-built houses and defective drainage, and armed with the knowledge necessary to cope with plumbers and builders.

Mr. W. Clark Russell reprints his article on the Shipping Commission from the *Contemporary Review*, which might be better styled an appeal to Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., than *A Forecastle View of the Shipping Commission* (Sampson Low & Co.).

We have received the third edition of Mr. W. Leighton Jordan's ingenious and suggestive essay *The Winds* (David Bogue); *The Victorian Year-Book for 1883-4*; and *The Educational List* (Evans & Co.).

The second volume of *Cassell's Popular Gardening* is as thorough and practical as the first. Many of the cuts are excellent, though a few are of the monstrous kind frequent in seedsmen's catalogues.

We have received the second volume of Mr. Paley's revised edition of *The Iliad of Homer: with English Notes* (Whittaker & Co.); the second edition of Mr. C. B. Keetley's *Guide to the Medical Profession* (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); and Mr. W. F. Howe's serviceable *Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities* (Longmans & Co.). Mr. Edward Walford's shilling series of the *Peerage*, the *House of Commons*, the *Baronetage*, and the *Knightage* of Great Britain and Ireland (Chatto & Windus), handy and accurate, are revised for the current year.

# NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY ARTISTS OF THE CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN from 9.30 to 6.30. Admission, 1s.

"THE VALE OF TEARS," DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 30 New Bond Street, with "Christ Leaving the Precincts," and his other great Pictures. From Ten to Six daily. 1s.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The NINETY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 6. The Right Hon. LORD JOHN MANNERS, G.C.B., M.P., in the chair.

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Tickets, 5s. each, may be obtained from the Stewards, and from the Secretary, at 7 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. A. LLEWELYN ROBERTS, Secretary pro tem.

ART UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the Amount subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art for the year 1885, will be held in the Royal Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday, April 28, at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock precisely, by the kind permission of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti.

E. E. ANTROBUS, ZOUCH TROUGHTON, Hon. Secs.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.  
The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the Priores' Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, May 13, at Six o'clock.  
The Right Honourable W. H. SMITH, M.P., &c., in the Chair.  
Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by—  
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Hon. Secretary.  
PHILIP CHARLES HARDWICK, Treasurer.  
DOUGLAS H. GORDON, Secretary, 34 Old Bond Street, W.  
Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

THE GOODWOOD CLUB OPENS MAY 1.—Founded for the purpose of associating Gentlemen fond of Sporting pastimes. A FEW CAN STILL BE ADMITTED. Town Members, 25s. Country, 25s. Apply for Rules, &c., to the Secretary, Colonel TWISDEN FORBES (late Royal Artillery), THE GOODWOOD CLUB, 27 Dover Street, Piccadilly.

**GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER**

SESSION commences on Friday, May 1.

The Hospital contains, besides the beds for Medical and Surgical cases, Wards for Obstetric, Ophthalmic, and other special departments.

Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London and of other examining Boards.

**Appointments.**—The House-Surgeons and House-Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, Clinical Assistants and Dressers, are selected from the Students, according to merit, and without payment. There are also a large number of Junior Appointments, every part of the Hospital Practice being systematically employed for instruction.

**Entrance Scholarships.**—Open Scholarship, of 125 Guineas, in Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. Open Scholarship, of 125 Guineas, in Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology.

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Students entering in May are eligible for the Open Scholarships competed for in September.

For Prospects and further information apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR.

Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., March 1885.

**DENTAL HOSPITAL of LONDON**

MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The SUMMER SESSION will commence on Friday, May 1. The Prize Distribution will take place in July, of which due notice will be given.

**Lectures.**—Anatomy and Physiology of the Teeth.—Mr. A. S. UNDERWOOD, On Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8 o'clock A.M. Dental Surgery and Pathology.—Mr. S. F. HUTCHINSON, On Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 8 o'clock A.M. The WINTER SESSION will commence in October. Total Fee for Lectures and Practice, £21 10s.

Dental Hospital of London, Leicester Square. MORTON SMALE, Dean.

**CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL of**

PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.

The NEXT TERM opens on Monday, April 27. I. Mechanical Course. II. Civil Engineering Division. III. Colonial Section.—Applications to

F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Educational Department.

**THE OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.—The PRO-**

FESSORSHIP OF PURE MATHEMATICS will become VACANT, through the resignation of Professor Barker, at the end of the current Session.

Candidates for the Chair are invited to forward applications and testimonials addressed to the Council of the College, under cover to the Registrar, not later than Monday, June 1 next. Information concerning the terms and conditions of the appointment will be forwarded on application to J. G. GREENWOOD, LL.D., Principal of the College.

HENRY WM. HOLDER, M.A., Registrar.

**CAVENDISH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.**

An EXAMINATION will be held on August 5, 6, and 7, 1885, for the award of TWO SCHOLARSHIPS offered, the one by the Clothworkers' Company, the other by E. B. Foster, Esq. The Scholarships are of the value of £30 per annum, and are tenable for three years from election.

A SECOND YEAR SCHOLARSHIP of the value of £20 per annum tenable for two years from election will be awarded at an examination to be held in May 1886.

The College charges (£24 per annum) cover all expenses for Board (including an extra Term in the long vacation and washing), and the necessary cost of Tuition.

For particulars apply to the Warden, J. Cox, Esq., Cavendish College, Cambridge.

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Classical and Modern Departments. The College stands in Twenty-one Acres, and enjoys all the advantages of a Southern climate. Private Chapel, large Gymnasium, Racquet and Five Courts; good Sea Breeze. The NEXT TERM will commence in July 1 next. For Prospects, apply to the HEAD-MASTER, or the HON. SECRETARY, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

**CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS.**

Eight £40; Four £20. Election third Tuesday in May. An ADDITIONAL SCHOLARSHIP of £40 for one year will be given to the Boy who comes out first in the Junior Scholarship Examination. Preference, however, will be given to the Son of an old Cheltemhamian. Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltemham.

**LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—TERM began Friday, April 24.**

Apply to the PRINCIPAL for particulars.

**RADLEY COLLEGE.—SIX JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS,**

four of £50, one of £30, one of £20, will be filled up in June next. Candidates must have been under Fourteen on January 1, 1885.—For further particulars, apply to The Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

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